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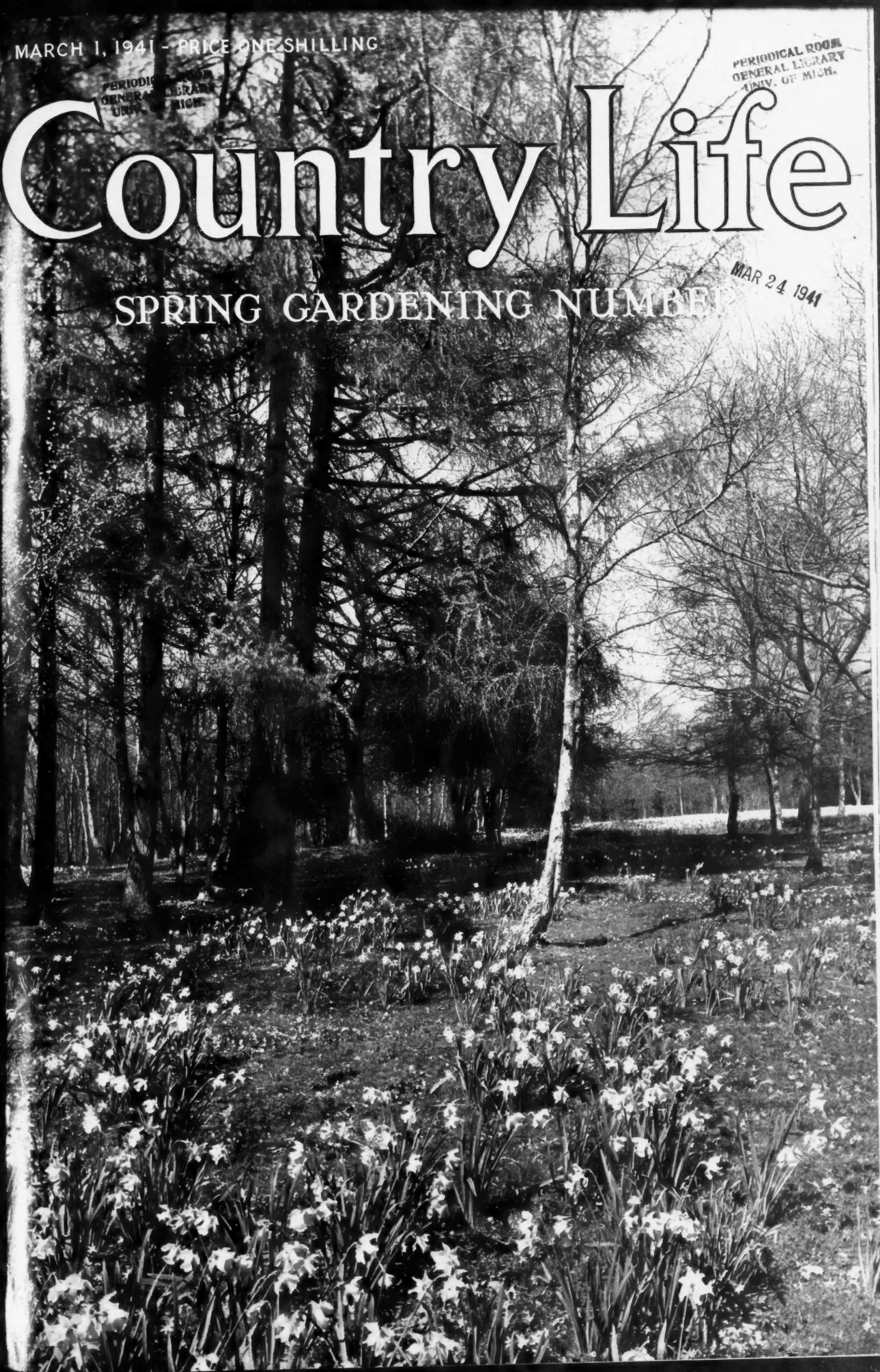
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Country Life

SPRING GARDENING NUMBER

MAR 24 1941



MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if for Number used 2d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

FURS that have not been tortured in traps. Ask for Fur Crusade List from Major VAN DER BYL, Wapenam, Towcester.

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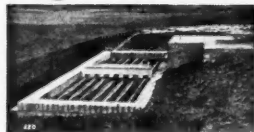
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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2302.

Printed in England.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
New York U.S.A. Post Office.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1941.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.
Inland, 63s.6d. Canadian, 59s. Foreign, 65s.

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of a
SUSSEX
FARMHOUSE
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11 ACRES.

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Hall, 3 large reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 5 baths.

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PETERSFIELD & SOUTHSEA

MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 6 bedrooms (4 double), h. and e.

Main water and electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

GARAGE FOR 3. STABLES.

2 ACRES WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS

HARD TENNIS COURT.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,021.)

35 OR 250 ACRES

SUSSEX

LOVELY OLD MANOR HOUSE

3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker.

Stabling. Garages. 2 Cottages. Farmbuildings.

SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms).

110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

FOR SALE AS WHOLE

OR WOULD SELL HOUSE WITH SMALLER AREA.
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,249.)

WANTED

WANTED URGENTLY

TO PURCHASE OR RENT UNFURNISHED

MODERNISED PERIOD HOUSE

(not Tudor).

7-8 bed, 2 bath (minimum). Few Acres.

Daily reach London (about hour).

Particulars and photographs to TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

WANTED ON BORDERS

WILTS—GLOS.—OXON

FARM OF FROM 100 to 400 ACRES

WITH GOOD SMALL HOUSE

(6-8 bedrooms).

CAPT. C. TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

NEWBURY, 2½ MILES

Overlooking common, hills and woods.

MODERN HOUSE

Square hall, 2 sitting, bath, 5 bedrooms.

Main electricity and water. Partial central heating.

Telephone.

GARAGE. GARDENS.

£2,300 FOR QUICK SALE

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,609.)

£4,500

GUILDFORD & GODALMING

(BETWEEN)

COUNTRY HOUSE

in good order.

Hall, 3 good reception, bathroom, 10-12 bedrooms.

Main electric light and water. Telephone.

3 GARAGES.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS OF 3¼ ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,621.)

187 OR 400 ACRES

OXON—GLOS. BORDERS

700ft. up. Mile Town and Station.

COTSWOLD FARMHOUSE

7 bedrooms. Bathroom. 2 reception.

Main water and electricity. "Aga" cooker.

GARAGES. FARMBUILDINGS. COTTAGES.

Well-farmed land. Good pasture.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION

(part of land easily let off).

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,625.)

£5,000.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

¾-mile Trout Fishing

DEVON

CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.

65 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

Telephone No.
Regent 4304.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT

1½ HOURS NORTH OF TOWN
Well-let **Block of Farms** in first-class Dairy
Country, producing over
£700 PER ANNUM
Company's water. Tithe free.
For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

FAVOURITE MIDLAND COUNTY ATTRACTIVE AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

ABOUT 1,500 ACRES
It let and showing first-rate return
CAPITAL SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING.
FOR SALE by OSBORN & MERCER.

IN THE FAR WEST COUNTRY

Secluded and amidst beautiful scenery.
**AN ATTRACTIVE HEAVILY WOODED
ESTATE OF ABOUT
1,200 ACRES**
Excellent return from Agricultural portion.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD.
Details, Plan, etc., from OSBORN & MERCER.

SOMERSET-WILTS BORDERS

In a picturesque rural setting, enjoying absolute
seclusion.

CHARMING OLD MANOR HOUSE

of great historical interest and possessing
many delightful old-world features.



with 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

Main water. Electric light.

OLD TUDOR COTTAGE

The pleasure gardens are most attractively disposed
and, together with enclosures of grassland, extend to

ABOUT 4½ ACRES

Well-stocked Trout Stream

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2194.)

ONLY £3,250

NEAR BASINGSTOKE

In an unspoilt village in this particularly favoured
district.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

with 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main
electric light. Garage. Stabling.
Inexpensive Grounds, large productive kitchen garden,
paddock, etc.

ABOUT 3 ACRES.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER.

(M.2198.)

Near BLETCHLEY

In beautiful unspoilt rural surroundings.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE

Mainly Queen Anne, with 3-4 Reception, 9 Bed-
rooms, Bathroom, etc.

Main Services. Garage. Stabling.

Attractive Old Gardens with orchard, paddock, etc.

Nearly 7 ACRES.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

SUSSEX

In a picked position on high ground with splendid views
to the South Downs.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

with Lounge Hall, 3 Reception, 8 Bedrooms, 2 Baths.

Electric Light. Central Heating.

Matured well-timbered Gardens, tennis court, kitchen
garden, orchard, paddock, etc.

ONLY £3,250 FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2196.)

DORSET

Blackmore Vale and Cattistock Hunts.

A FINE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

surrounded by well-timbered grounds and parkland, with long carriage drive.



3 reception, 12 bedrooms, 3

bathrooms. Electric light,

main water, central heating.

3 Excellent Cottages.

Beautiful well-matured gardens,

with lawns, herbaceous

borders, stone-paved rose

garden, etc., 2 tennis courts,

kitchen garden, paddock;

in all

ABOUT 15 ACRES

Moderate Price Freehold.

Agents: OSBORN and

MERCER. (16,912.)

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM

BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE CAREFULLY RESTORED AND MODERNISED

In rural country with delightful views.

3 reception, 9 bedrooms,

(all with lavatory basins,

h. and c.), 2 bathrooms.

A wealth of old oak, open

fireplaces, etc.

Main services.

Central heating.

Fine old Tithe Barn, con-

verted into a cottage.

Beautiful Gardens, some

woodland, pasture, etc.;

about

20 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN

and MERCER. (17,006.)



3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:
Grosvenor 1032-33.

THESE UNIQUE EXAMPLES OF TUDOR ARCHITECTURE



DEVON-DORSET BORDERLAND DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

Mullioned windows, oak panelling and many other period characteristics.

3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electricity. Central heating. Plentiful water supply.

GARAGES. MATURED GARDENS. PASTURE.

NEARLY 7 ACRES.

LOW PRICE

(12,671)

BOTH OF THESE EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTIES HAVE JUST BEEN PLACED IN THE MARKET AND SHOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE TO BE FULLY APPRECIATED.

Write or telephone Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above, without too much delay.



VICINITY OF WENTWORTH AND VIRGINIA WATER ORIGINALLY HUNTING BOX OF GOOD QUEEN BESS

Fascinating black and white half-timbered exterior and equally charming interior

3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main water and electricity. Central heating.

LOVELY GARDENS A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE.

FOR SALE OR WOULD LET FURNISHED

(7,466)

IN THE HEART OF ASHDOWN FOREST



CHARMING REPLICA OF OLD ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE

Magnificent situation, 600ft. up with lovely views to the South Downs.

Bus service passes drive entrance.

10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Electric light. Central heating.

GARAGE. COTTAGE. FULL-SIZED COVERED BADMINTON COURT.

Beautiful Grounds of 3½ ACRES.

A DEFINITE BARGAIN, ONLY £3,950

Full details of RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

WITHIN 1 HOUR'S RAIL. Main Line Station 2 miles



HALF-TIMBERED ELIZABETHAN REPLICA

Cleverly designed. Regardless of expense.

Secluded position with beautiful views. Avenue drive. Away from main roads.

Lounge hall an outstanding feature: oak panelling; beams; open fireplaces.

2 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. All main services. Central heating.

2 Garages. Picturesque Cottage. Delightful Gardens. Paddock.

In all nearly 7 ACRES.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE or would LET FURNISHED

Highly recommended by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,666.)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines.)

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

TO BE LET FURNISHED. BEAUTIFUL TUDOR HOUSE IN SURREY



39 miles London, near bus, 2½ miles electric train service.
7 bed, 3 bath, 3 reception rooms (2 measuring 50 ft. by 28 ft. and 30 ft. by 28 ft.).

PERIOD FEATURES. MODERN CONVENIENCES.

Main water. "Aga" stove. Refrigerator. Garage.

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED.

GOOD GARDENS

with Swimming Pool.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.1031.)

CORNWALL.—Of Special Interest to MARKET GARDENERS, etc. FOR SALE, 10 Acres of MARKET GARDEN with site suitable for SMALL RESIDENCE.

All particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (B.8361.)

HERTS

TO BE LET PARTLY FURNISHED OR MIGHT BE SOLD.



THIS ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

12 bed, 4 bath, 3 reception rooms.
Electric light and water from private supply (mains available).
Central heating throughout.

GARAGE 3-4 CARS. COTTAGE.

3 Acres Garden: 3 Acres Orchard: 10 Acres Paddock (let off): in all

16 ACRES

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.4721.)

AN OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE ENLARGED, COMPLETELY MODERNISED AND BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

In quiet position, 13 miles from London.
6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 large reception rooms, up-to-date offices with servants' sitting room.
Main services. Central heating. Garage 2 cars. Wealth of old beams, open fireplaces, etc. Furnished in keeping.
TO BE LET FURNISHED, or the Whole Property, with 2 Modern Houses (let) adjoining; in all 2½ ACRES
WILL BE SOLD.—Inspected and very highly recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, Mayfair, W.1. (A.4768.)

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

OAKLEY AND WHADDON CHASE COUNTRY.



LONDON 50 MILES.

SMALL

GEORGIAN COTTAGE RESIDENCE

4 bed, 2 bath, 2 reception.

Electric light. Good water and drainage.

2 Garages, Stabling and useful buildings. Cottage (let). Pretty Gardens and Land with river frontage.

In all about 18 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Further particulars of
GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.6629.)

KENT (23 miles London).—FOR SALE, a valuable DAIRY AND STOCK-RAISING FARM, 700 ft. above sea, with superior Georgian Farmhouse, 6 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception, etc. Extensive buildings, 6 Cottages, 140 Acres Pasture, 60 Arable, 40 Woodland (about 240 ACRES in all). Main water throughout. Price and all particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.2813.)

Telephone:
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

IDEAL FOR LARGE COMMERCIAL ORGANISATION

LARGE WEST COUNTRY MANSION

containing about 40 bedrooms and ample bathrooms.
Several cottages.

ABOUT 200 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE PRIVATELY, WITH THE FURNITURE.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

FURNISHED HOUSES

COUNTY	BEDROOMS	RENT
SOUTH DEVON	11	15 gns. per week
SURREY	11	15 gns. per week
SUSSEX	8	7 gns. per week
GLOUCESTERSHIRE	10	15 gns. per week
WORCESTERSHIRE	6	8 gns. per week

COTSWOLDS

ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE

on the outskirts of a village.

7 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, usual offices.

Central heating throughout. Main electric light.

Water and drainage.

LODGE. GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

CHILTERN HILLS

500 ft. up, easily accessible to London and designed by Mr. P. Morley Horder.

AN EXCELLENT MODERN HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (5 basins), 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating. Garage.

Delightful Gardens with Tennis Court and Orchard.

2 ACRES PRICE £5,000

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE FARM INVESTMENT

2 EXCELLENT ADJOINING FARMS

IN ALL ABOUT 350 ACRES

Shows 5 per cent. Gross. Tithe free.

PRICE £10,000, including Timber

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.1

MAPLE & CO., LTD.

Telephone:
EUSTON 7000

TO HOUSEHOLDERS, TRUSTEES, ETC.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

YOUR ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE ADVISABILITY OF HAVING PREPARED A COMPLETE INVENTORY AND VALUATION OF YOUR FURNITURE AND STRUCTURE FOR INSURANCE PURPOSES, AND TO SUPPORT ANY CLAIM ARISING THROUGH WAR DAMAGE.

MAPLE & CO. ARE IN A POSITION TO UNDERTAKE THIS WORK, AND A QUOTATION WILL BE GIVEN FOR COUNTRY, TOWN RESIDENCES, AND FLATS UPON APPLICATION TO THE VALUATION DEPT., EUSTON 7000 OR REGENT 4685.

HAMPSHIRE

NEAR A NICE OLD TOWN.

FOR SALE, £8,000, WITH 60 ACRES

THE ABOVE CHOICE MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE

In the Queen Anne style, approached by long drive.

LARGE HALL (with panelled walls),

BEAUTIFUL DRAWING ROOM, DINING ROOM, MORNING ROOM,

11 OR 12 BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS.

Electric light. Fitted basins in bedrooms.

4 HEATED GARAGES. LODGE.

2 Cottages.

FINE GARDENS, with swimming pool, picturesque woodland and park-like meadows.

Recommended by MAPLE & Co., as above.



5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).
ESTABLISHED 1875.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

1 MILE FROM MAIN LINE STATION. ABOUT 20 MILES WEST OF LONDON.

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

built about 1780.

In excellent order and with nearly every modern convenience installed.

4 RECEPTION ROOMS.
10 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
5 BATHROOMS.

Main electricity and drainage.
Gas and water.
Central heating (coaxial).



GARDENS AND GROUNDS

beautifully arranged and set with many fine old trees.

WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN

GARAGES.

EXTENSIVE STABLING AND OUTBUILDINGS.

PARKLAND AND DRIVE.

In all nearly

20 ACRES

TO BE LET FURNISHED, OR FOR SALE FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15 080.)

SOMERSETSHIRE (near to Exmoor and the Quantock Hills).—AN INTERESTING OLD HOUSE, of Tudor origin, in grounds sheltered by stately trees. 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, extensive domestic offices. Telephone. Main electricity available. Swimming pool. Stabling for 7. Garage for 3 cars. Old-world grounds with 2 tennis courts, kitchen garden, 3 paddocks; in all about 35 Acres. For Sale Freehold or to Let, Furnished.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (14,052.)

CORNWALL (3 miles from Bude: in a sheltered position facing South). The Residence, substantially built of stone with tiled roof, contains 2 reception rooms, kitchen and domestic apartments, 7 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms. Central heating; electricity and Company's water. Garage and outbuildings. Beautiful grounds, with hard tennis court, orchard and vegetable garden: in all about 5 ACRES. For Sale Freehold. Apply: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,163.)

HERTFORDSHIRE

Near to station with express train service to London.

MODERN RESIDENCE

built of the best materials.

LOUNGE HALL,
2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 6 BEDROOMS,
2 BATHROOMS.

Central heating. Company's water supply.

GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS

tennis court, sunk lawn, lovely rock garden, vegetable garden: in all nearly

2 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Apply: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,151.)

WORCESTERSHIRE (near Pershore).—Beautifully furnished QUEEN ANNE HOUSE. South aspect and near the River Avon. 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms. Electricity and good water supply. Garden and tennis court.

TO LET FURNISHED AT A REASONABLE RENT.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,457.)

SOMERSETSHIRE.—STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE, with old mullioned windows, standing in finely timbered grounds. 3-4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices. Electric light; main water. Garage and stabling; gardener's cottage. Charming gardens and grounds, interspersed with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland: in all about 9½ ACRES.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REDUCED PRICE.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

SPECIAL HAMPSHIRE OFFER

Easy reach of Winchester. Within the confines of a Country Town.
ONLY £2,000 IS ASKED FOR THIS
FASCINATING QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE



standing in lovely secluded gardens with fine old walls.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, box room.

Company's electricity, gas and water.
Main drainage.

Detached garage.

¾ ACRE
FREEHOLD

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

ON A SURREY GOLF COURSE

Safe and rural situation. 40 minutes by rail from London.

CHARMING WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE

with central heating, fitted wash basins in every bedroom, and all main services connected.

3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

2 GARAGES.

Tennis lawn and lovely gardens with gateway to links.

1 Acre Freehold

Positive
Bargain at
£3,100



Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

A CHARMING COPY OF A SMALL MANOR HOUSE

600 FT. UP ON THE CHILTERN HILLS. BETWEEN LONDON AND OXFORD.

In the favourite district of

GREAT MISSENDEN,
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

All modern conveniences are incorporated in this unique residence designed by an architect and built in 1921 in traditional Period style.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
6 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
EXCELLENT
MODERN BATHROOM.



COMPANY'S WATER.

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND POWER.

COMPANY'S GAS.

REALLY EXQUISITE GARDENS.

3½ ACRES

Further land available.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Photographs and full details from the Joint Sole Agents, Messrs. PRETTY & ELLIS, F.A.I., Missenden Estate Office, Great Missenden, Bucks (Tel.: Great Missenden 28); and F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

(F. L. MERCER & Co.'s advertisements continued on page xi.)

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

WILSON & CO.

Telephone :
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines.)

GLORIOUS POSITION on the COTSWOLDS



HISTORIC TUDOR MANOR HOUSE

Superbly appointed and in perfect order. With fine oak panelling and fireplaces. Hall, 5 reception rooms, 8 principal bedrooms, 5 staff rooms, 5 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity. First-class Garages and Stabling. Home Farm, Dower House and 3 Cottages. GLORIOUS OLD GARDENS. New Hard Tennis Court. Bathing Pool. 1 mile Fishing in Stream intersecting the property.

A VERY FINE ESTATE OF 126 ACRES FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1. (Tel.: Gros. 1441); and JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Cirencester. (Tel.: 334-5.)

LOVELY PART OF SOUTH DEVON



BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE

High up with magnificent views and set within its delightful old gardens and estate of 33 acres. Bordering a favourite river. 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, complete offices. Electric light. Central heating. Garages, Stabling, Cottages, Grounds and Woods of exceptional charm. Walled Garden. Boat House and Landing Stage.

The property has been the subject of great expenditure, and is in first class order.

TO BE LET FURNISHED OR MIGHT BE SOLD

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

SHROPSHIRE-HEREFORD (Borders)



CHARMING QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

in small park; 550ft. up; beautiful country. 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception. Modern conveniences. Lovely old Gardens. Home Farm, 6 Cottages.

ONLY £8,750 WITH 200 ACRES

(Farm Let at £200 p.a.)

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

REQUIRED AT ONCE

in SUSSEX, HANTS, BERKS or WEST OF ENGLAND generally, a really

ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATE

OF

150-300 ACRES

GOOD TYPE OF HOUSE, PREFERABLY GEORGIAN, WITH UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT;

15 BEDROOMS, 4-6 BATHROOMS, ETC.

Well positioned with a good view and standing in small park.

TROUT-FISHING, ALTHOUGH NOT ESSENTIAL, A GREAT ATTRACTION.

GOOD PRICE PAID FOR AN EXACTLY SUITABLE PLACE

Please communicate with WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

NEAR ASCOT & SUNNINGDALE



FASCINATING PERIOD HOUSE

with every modern comfort. Rich in old-world features. 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Garage. Cottage. SINGULARLY LOVELY GROUNDS.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

Also at
**RUGBY,
BIRMINGHAM,**

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1. (Regent 0911.)

**OXFORD,
CHIPPING
NORTON.**

WEST SUSSEX

MODERN TUDOR-STYLE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, occupying one of the finest positions in this much-sought-after district. Southern aspect, panoramic views. 3 sitting rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, entrance lodge.

STABLING AND GARAGE.

Electric light and central heating.

ABOUT 17 ACRES.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 16,684.)

SOMERSET

In a lovely district a few miles Taunton.

PICTURESQUE STONE-BUILT COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in almost faultless order: 1 mile local station and near bus route. Hunting, Polo, Shooting, Golf, Southern aspect, 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light and central heating. Co.'s water.

COTTAGE.

ABOUT 2 ACRES

(20 Acres rented).

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 11,488.)

SOUTHERN MIDLANDS

Rural area, 20 miles Birmingham.



QUEEN ANNE PERIOD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, modernised and in first-class order. Near village and bus route: main line 3 miles; 400ft. up; sandy loam soil; on gravel. Main electricity; Co.'s water; village drainage. Large hall and 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, day and night nurseries, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall. Stabling; garage for several cars. Excellent Cottage. About 8½ Acres.—Inspected and thoroughly recommended by Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES and WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W. 1. (L.R. 7608.)

CENTRAL DEVON

£3,500 FREEHOLD.—Near Station and bus route: splendid sporting district; 400ft. up; southern aspect; lovely panoramic views. Stone-built RESIDENCE, away from main roads. Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Modern conveniences, 2 lodges and cottage, excellent out-buildings. Charming grounds and meadowland.

TOTAL AREA ABOUT 14 ACRES

Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,618.)

COTSWOLDS

600ft. above sea level.

GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE.—Lovely views. Hall (27ft. by 18ft.) and 3 sitting rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light and central heating.

STABLING AND GARAGE. COTTAGE.

ABOUT 15 ACRES.

EXCELLENT SPORTING DISTRICT.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 18,673.)

A PERFECT COUNTRY RETREAT
AVAILABLE 6 MONTHS OR LONGER.

HASLEMERE STATION (6 miles).—Magnificent views and away from all noise. Modernised PERIOD RESIDENCE. 3 reception rooms, billiard room, with "Thurston's" table, kitchen ("Esse" cooker), staff room, 6 principal and 4 staff bedrooms, 2 nurseries, 4 bathrooms. Central heating: water and electric light. Own lovely Grounds and Woodland, about 40 Acres. Rent 15 guineas p.w., including 2 men's wages.—Sole Agents, CURTIS & WEST, Haslemere 680 or Hindhead 63; also at Farnham.

TRUSTEES HAVE FOR INVESTMENT roughly £150,000, which must be placed in agricultural lands. Preferably one large estate, but consideration given to not less than 1,000 acres in farms. Immovable whether a Mansion House is let or not. Building land not required. Return must, however, show something above 2½ per cent. net on capital invested. Principals are invited to communicate in confidence to Box "A.683," c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

SALISBURY & DISTRICT.—ESTATE AGENTS.
MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., Salisbury.

DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES

THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,

(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

SHOOTINGS, FISHINGS, &c.

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THIS SOLIDLY BUILT HOUSE

Stands high and commands lovely views.

15 BEDROOMS, 2 DRESSING ROOMS, 5 BATHROOMS, BILLIARDS
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Main electric light.

Central heating.

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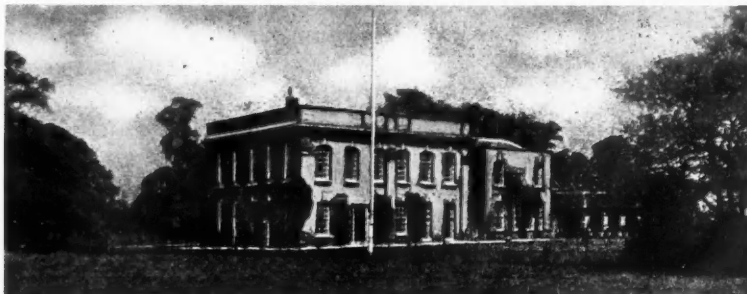
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Only 25 miles by road from London,
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WITH PANELLED ROOMS
AND OTHER FEATURES OF
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10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms,
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STABLING. GARAGE.
3 COTTAGES.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS
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In all about

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SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

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A BARGAIN IN SOUTH DEVON.

ONLY £2,950

LOVELY SITUATION; WELL AWAY FROM DANGER ZONES.

A COUNTRY RETREAT WHICH SHOULD BE PERFECTLY SAFE

A CHARMING OLD STONE-BUILT
HOUSE



in excellent condition and equipped with modern
conveniences; 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and
dressing room.

Electric lighting from own plant.

Double garage, stabling.

THE GARDENS are beautiful because of their natural
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wonderful array of rhododendron plantations bordered
by pretty streams and waterfalls. The total area
is about

6½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £2,950

Adjacent to Dartmoor and within easy reach of Totnes
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WITH BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF THE SOUTH
DOWNS.

JUST IN THE MARKET.

This most delightful well-planned FREEHOLD
HOUSE of character in a lovely situation, facing
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3 RECEPTION, 7 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS.
Main electric light, gas and water. Septic tank
drainage. Main drainage available.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS
and Small Orchard.

£3,500 WITH 2 ACRES
FURTHER LAND AVAILABLE



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(F. L. MERCER & Co.'s advertisements continued on page ix.)

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CLOSE TO THE BORDERS OF THE NEW FOREST.

2½ miles from main line station. 12 miles from Bournemouth.

Situated 200ft. above sea-level. South aspect.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

**THIS DELIGHTFUL SMALL
 RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY**

with soundly-constructed house standing
 well back from the road.

6 principal bedrooms, 4 servants' rooms,
 dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception
 rooms, billiards room, maids' sitting room,
 complete domestic offices.



For particulars and order to view apply Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

"Aga" cooker.

Company's water and electric lighting.

GARAGE FOR SEVERAL CARS.
 STABLING. OUTBUILDINGS.
 2 BUNGALOWS. 2 COTTAGES.

THE GROUNDS include pleasure
 garden and lawns, large kitchen garden,
 grassland; the whole extending to an area
 of about

48 ACRES

PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD

DORSET

1½ miles from a good market town.

7 miles from Bournemouth.

In very pleasant surroundings.

Well away from main road.

BUILT UNDER OWNER'S DESIGN
 AND HAVING EVERY MODERN CON-
 VENIENCE AND LABOUR-SAVING
 DEVICE.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

this perfectly-appointed

MODERN RESIDENCE

designed so that it can be run with a
 minimum amount of labour and staff.

6 BEDROOMS. DRESSING ROOM.
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 2 SITTING ROOMS. DINING ROOM.
 SERVANTS' SITTING ROOM.
 GOOD DOMESTIC OFFICES.



Full particulars and price can be obtained of the Agents, Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

Company's electric light.

"Aga" Cooker.

Central heating throughout.

All fittings are of the best quality.

DOUBLE GARAGE (with washdown).

Smaller Garage.

THE GROUNDS.

are inexpensive to maintain, and include
 herbaceous borders, terraces, small kitchen
 garden. The greater portion of the land
 is left in its natural wooded state. The
 whole extends to an area of about

5 ACRES

SUSSEX

7 miles from Midhurst. 6 miles from Petersfield.

A VERY DELIGHTFUL PROPERTY SITUATED IN PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS AND HAVING EXCEPTIONALLY FINE VIEWS FROM ALL
 THE PRINCIPAL ROOMS.

THE RESIDENCE

has half-timbered elevations and is soundly
 constructed, the accommodation ar-
 ranged so as to obtain the maximum
 amount of sun.

5 bedrooms, boxroom, fitted bathroom,
 entrance and dining room (having fine
 carved oak panelling), lounge (with
 magnificent oak panelling), morning
 room, kitchen and complete domestic
 offices.



Garages. Store-rooms.
 Potting sheds. Summer house.

Company's electric lighting.

The GARDENS and GROUNDS are a
 particularly charming feature of the pro-
 perty and have been most cleverly laid out
 and are easily maintained. There are a
 wide expanse of lawns, rockery (with lily
 pond and fountain), kitchen garden,
 orchard and paddock; the whole extending
 to an area of about

6½ ACRES

For particulars and price apply to Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who have inspected and can thoroughly recommend the property to prospective purchasers.

BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST

Situated well away from the road amidst delightful surroundings. South aspect. Gravel soil.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

**THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE
 COMPACT
 MODERN RESIDENCE**

Built in the Manor House style and
 enjoying fine woodland views.

9 good bed and dressing rooms (lavatory
 basins in many of the rooms), 3 bathrooms,
 drawing room (27ft. by 16ft., with oak
 floor and partly oak panelling), dining room
 (18ft. by 15ft.), morning room (20ft. by
 16ft., with oak beams and partly oak
 panelling).

Servants' Hall.

Good Domestic Offices.



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MAIN WATER.

ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

CENTRAL HEATING.

(Independent boiler.)

EXCELLENT ENTRANCE LODGE
 (suitable for a gentleman's residence,
 containing 3 bedrooms with lavatory
 basins, 2 sitting rooms; numerous out-
 houses, 2 garages. Main water and
 electricity.)

Garage for 3 cars. Glasshouses.
 Tastefully arranged Gardens and Grounds.
 Productive kitchen garden, oak copse,
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 whole extending to an area of about

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62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

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and Haslemere.
Riviera Offices.

HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS

c.4

Under 20 miles from London. In the beautiful Chorley Wood and Sarratt area.



COMPACT LABOUR-SAVING RESIDENCE

Entrance hall, 2 reception and billiard rooms, 3 bedrooms (with lavatory basins, h. & c.), bathroom, complete offices.

Electric light. Company's water. Central heating throughout.

DOUBLE GARAGE. WORKSHOP. OUTBUILDINGS.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS

tennis and other lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard; in all about 5 ACRES.

PRICE 5,000 GUINEAS

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c.2

Amid the glorious hill-country for which this district is famed. 1/2 mile from hamlet and 5 miles market town and main line station.



ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE RECENTLY MODERNISED

3 reception rooms, 7-11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, maids' sitting-room.

Electric light. Good water. Central heating. "Aga" cooker.

GARAGE. STABLING. OUTBUILDINGS. BARN AND COTTAGE.

HARD TENNIS COURT.

INEXPENSIVE GARDENS

3 acres orcharding and 10-acre field.

IN ALL ABOUT 16 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

BUCKS. 25 MILES TOWN

c.3

In a greatly sought after neighbourhood. 1 mile main line station.



Lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Co.'s electric light. Central heating.

GARAGE. BOATHOUSE.

BEAUTIFULLY WOODED GROUNDS

lawns, kitchen garden, island; in all about 3 1/2 ACRES.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. EARLY POSSESSION

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c.2

Standing high amid unspoilt country with a glorious outlook to the South.



COMFORTABLE AND SUBSTANTIAL RESIDENCE

3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting-room.

Main water and electricity. Central heating. Every convenience.

GARAGE (for 3) with chauffeur's cottage; also LODGE with bath.

LOVELY GARDENS AND GROUNDS

arranged in a series of terraces; also 3 meadows; in all about 8 ACRES.

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HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

HIGH UP ON THE COTSWOLDS

c.4

Views to the Welsh Mountains. Ideal for evacuation or private occupation.



FINE SPECIMEN OF GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE

approached by long drives.

Lounge and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, complete offices.

2 LODGES. CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT. 2 COTTAGES.

STABLING. GARAGE for 5.

All Companies' conveniences, including central heating.

INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS

together with grandly timbered park; in all 55 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

FACING A SURREY COMMON

c.3

A CHARACTER HOUSE OF THE FARMHOUSE TYPE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER CHARACTERISTICS.

Accessible to Leatherhead or Guildford.



3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.
COTTAGE (with 3 bedrooms and bathroom). GARAGE (with rooms over).

Central heating, electric light and other conveniences.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS

with hard tennis court, kitchen garden, orchard; in all about 2 1/2 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. VERY REASONABLE PRICE

EARLY POSSESSION.

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

No Fruit—
but the M.O. said . . .



TAKE
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
first thing every morning
Doctors recommend Eno's!

ARE YOU SURE ...?



YES-AND SAFE
IF YOU RELY ON
'DON'
BRAKE LININGS

At a time of so much uncertainty it is a comfort to be able to rely implicitly upon at least one thing—the ample safety margin of "DON" Brake Linings. Restricted though your journeyings must be, one thing is certain—you can take steps to protect yourself and others on the road.

Brakes properly adjusted and lined with "DON" will stand you in good stead at all times. Garages the country over can quickly fit these durable linings and thus make your car instantly and safely responsive to a touch of the brake pedal.

"ROKO" Luggage Straps never slip—they can be adjusted to a fraction, yet released in a moment. No cracking, no prongs to tear, no holes to wear. High quality webbing with rust-proof fittings, in many lengths and widths. Colours: black, brown and khaki. Obtainable from accessory stores, garages and service agents.



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LONDON OFFICE: 98, STATION ROAD, WEST CROYDON.
Telephone: 1102/3 (2 lines) Telegrams: "Karroko," Croydon.

COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2302



Hartup

161, New Bond Street, W.1

MISS ROSAMUND SCROPE

Miss Rosamund Scrope, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Stephen Scrope and of Mrs. Scrope, is to be married to Sir Noel Dryden, Bt.

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES: 2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.
 Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 7351
 Advertisements: TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2. Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 4363

"Country Life" Crossword No. 579 p. xxv.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2½d.

WATERWAYS IN WAR-TIME

THE appointment of Mr. Frank Pick, who has already shown his great administrative ability and a *flair* for controlling traffic and communications as General Manager of the London Passenger Transport Board, "to investigate and report upon the carriage of traffic on canals and inland waterways" may mean little or much. It is presumably intended as a reply to a considerable amount of criticism which has been levelled lately against the Government's handling during the war of our internal waterways. Some of this criticism is sound and well informed, and deserves not only the utmost consideration but immediate action on the part of the Ministry of Transport and the Government. A good deal of it, on the other hand, is merely sensational, and the danger is that attention should be diverted from the essential to the non-essential. To talk of a "Great Canals Scandal" is to talk about a—largely unavoidable—economic and political process which has been going on for a century. On the other hand, when the Chairman of the Lee Conservancy Board is driven to make public complaint that the efficiency of some of our most important channels of traffic "is being hampered by want of labour both for working vessels and also for the maintenance and operation of the waterways," it is clearly time that the Government "got to it," to use Mr. Morrison's phrase.

The history of the decadence of an elaborate system of internal communication by water during the "Railway Age" is a tragedy rather than a scandal; though had our ancestors been able to see a good deal further ahead, it is a tragedy which might well have been avoided. To-day it is difficult enough for anybody outside the Service departments and the Ministry of Transport to hazard a conjecture as to whether the best and most effective war-use is being made of the railways, without attempting to estimate the undoubted neglect of the canals, which have indeed been sadly neglected ever since the railways united to divert water-borne traffic and reduce it to the minimum which could be most useful to themselves. Railway power has been preponderant in Parliament in all matters of transport for so many years that when, just before the war, the railways called for a "Square Deal" (which would maintain their privileged position against the accumulating competition of road traffic), it was a surprise to find that the canals and regulated waterways were also still numbered among their competitors and rivals. The subsequent enquiry revealed the same state of affairs that so many commissions and committees had previously disclosed. The many bodies which have reported on the subject have been unanimous in deciding that much more use could (and should) be made of water transport in this country. Nothing has happened as the result of all this deliberation apart from the progressive deterioration of the majority of the original system of canals until most of them are certain to be quite useless for purposes of transport during the present war. What the system looked like in its romantic heyday can be seen in a descriptive article published in these columns in June, 1938. Railways and roads and economic changes have been too much for a large part of it which to-day is little but a picturesque survival.

In these circumstances, what most of us would like to know is whether Mr. Pick's appointment is an attempt to secure by executive action the optimum—which is also the maximum—use of our canals and rivers for military and internal transport, or is it merely another of those "fact-finding" enquiries of which this country is so fond, which is to be related in due time to the business of post-war reconstruction? The chief "facts" to be found which are not already common property are presumably the changes in use and demand which are the result of alterations in the distribution of industry and the industrial population, and of entirely new problems of a more directly military nature.

Staff work of this kind needs to be done, and Mr. Pick is a very good man to do it. But is he—or someone else—to be given executive power to control immediate action? Otherwise his work will become almost purely academic. We have Sir William Prescott's declaration that canal traffic is being greatly hindered by lack of labour on the arterial waterways which have remained efficient and useful in modern times. Who is to deal with this? And to take another matter about which facts are public property, who is going to see that the canals take their full share in the transport of coal? It is known that the appalling congestion in coal distribution could have been greatly remedied had the offer of the canals—not railway-owned—to accumulate stocks in coal dumps near their banks been accepted. The Mines Department and the Ministry of Transport did nothing, or little, about it. Is Mr. Pick to be given power to deal with such matters?

THE GARDEN FRONT

GARDENERS are determined to play their part in this year's food production campaign. There are three million of them, beside a million and a half allotment gardeners, and they are resolved that "zero hour in the garden" will find their plans made and the ground dug, despite any discouragement that they may have received from the Food Ministry in the past. They are now at least allowed to sell their surplus produce, which they were not a year ago. But still there is no system for distributing that produce where it is most wanted. Lord Woolton has asked the Ministry of Agriculture to arrange for 30,000 acres of carrots and 14,000 acres of onions this year. The recent shortage is as much due to what Lord Addison has truly called the disgrace of the present chaotic condition of distribution, as to other causes. Last autumn a market gardener with a quarter of an acre of fine stump-rooted carrots informed us that he proposed to dig them in. The price offered by the wholesaler for them, £3 10s. per ton, simply did not give him his costs in lifting, washing, and transporting them. We understand that the Food Ministry has now guaranteed a minimum price for surplus vegetables. But still the private gardener is not encouraged, let alone assisted, to grow for the needs of the towns. Few people will be inclined to blame him, then, if he continues to console himself with a few flowers. The shortage of gardeners in any case severely limits activity in the flower garden. But a few shillings judiciously spent may well bring in many pounds worth of summer solace, and, in the aggregate, decide whether many a nursery gardener is able to carry on through the war. Horticulture is a long-term business. Ten years would be needed to re-establish the supply of plants if a number of leading nurseries decided to close down.

HUMUS AND BRAINS

MR. G. V. JACKS, the Deputy Director of Soil Science at Rothamsted, gives much the same advice on agriculture as the painter Opie is related to have done on painting. In a paper on *Humus and the Farmer*, read to the Royal Society of Arts, Mr. Jacks so far belied the expectations encouraged by his title as to declare himself a convinced believer in the greater efficacy of inorganic manures. He did not, of course, belittle the practical necessity of humus to agricultural soil, but emphasised that it was Nature's contribution, not man's. Man's contribution to the making of an agricultural soil consists in his intelligence and experience. "There is no apparent reason," he said, "why a combination of intelligence and artificial fertilisers should not provide a perfect source of nutriment for agricultural crops. . . . Let us by all means return to the land every scrap of waste organic matter which it produces, to reinforce the foundations of our agriculture, for the land will need it, but let us not imagine that that is the be-all and end-all of farming." Man must apply to agriculture the inventive and organising ability of his brains that have carried him so far in other fields of his activities. But Mr. Jacks admitted that we had not yet arrived at the perfect synthesis to replace plant residues as a vitalising force in the soil. So he could not offer an immediate and final solution to the problem of the disappearing horse and the uneconomic sheep.

IN THE BEST TRADITION

"REALLY a very well educated man," said the man in the train reading General Wavell's lectures: "for a soldier," he added. "Sir," remarked a stranger opposite, "a First Scholar of Winchester might be expected to be a very well-educated man." If the brilliance of the Commander-in-Chief Middle East has taken some people by surprise, besides the Italians, he has also shown his wisdom in human nature. It would be sad if the soldiers of the future were never to say with affectionate respect that "the old man" had really excelled himself in his latest vituperative address. Fortunately, as we infer from General Wavell, such a catastrophe is unlikely, since he holds that an occasional explosion is "almost expected" of military commanders and is seldom resented. It is, he says, sarcasm that wounds and remains unforgotten. If this is so, and no doubt it is, soldiers are very like schoolboys. "Miserable trifle! the boy who construes *dé* 'and' instead of *dé* 'but' at sixteen years of age, is guilty not merely of folly and ignorance and dullness inconceivable, but of crime, of deadly crime, of filial ingratitude, which I tremble to contemplate." Such was the vigorous allocation of the Headmaster of Greyfriars to Arthur Pendennis, and it was doubtless much admired, as it deserved to be. On the other hand, Mr. King, in *Stalky and Co.*, with his heavy and elaborate sarcasm, was a figure whom very properly no schoolboy could endure, nor any soldier either. A good Blimpish blaze is a valuable safety-valve; it hurts nobody, not even for long the immediate victim, and adds a zest to the life of the community.



GUILDFORD LOCK, ON THE RIVER WEY NAVIGATION, TYPICAL OF THE LESS-USED INLAND WATERWAYS

Through this passed traffic from London to Portsmouth in the palmy days of the canals. Imported timber still comes as far as Guildford by water

FIRST AID TO GUILDHALL

A TEMPORARY flat roof of asphalt and steel is to be put up to protect the great hall of the Guildhall since it has been found that the walls are sound. These are the original walls of the hall built by Lord Mayor Thomas Knoles in 1411, to which Dick Whittington's executors contributed £35 for Purbeck paving. They withstood the Fire of 1666, when the walls were heightened by 15ft. and a flat panelled ceiling replaced the mediaeval open oak roof. That was retained when Dance re-built the south front of the Guildhall in 1787, but gave place in 1864 to Sir Horace Jones's high-pitched Gothic roof with its familiar *flèche*. Although intended to reproduce the probable character of the original, the roof recently destroyed, handsome though it was, was not entirely satisfactory. Sir Giles Scott can certainly design something finer, with the experience that has been gained lately from the repairing of Westminster Hall and Eltham Hall roofs. The fact that £2,000 is to be expended on covering in the hall temporarily is to be warmly welcomed. We hope that funds will be similarly available for protecting churches that have lost their roofs, through the Central Relief Fund recently established by the Archbishops. Each diocese will be asked to contribute to it, and the fund will be fairly portioned out according to needs. It is to be wished that people who only admire churches from outside will help parish congregations in what is a national appeal. A few shillings given now, enabling first-aid protection to walls to be given, will be worth as many pounds later on, as is frankly stated on a notice outside St. James's Piccadilly, for instance.

ORCHARD BULBS

Last October
The old gardener was planting bulbs
About the orchard;
And I said, making conversation,
"The days of bulbs in rows are gone."
He agreed; and added,
"When I'm planting bulbs in orchards and such,
I look up and see a cloud,
And just throw them into that shape."

So now, in a war-time spring,
The orchard has clumps of white narcissi
Shaped like clouds—
And as long as I live I shall remember
How an old gardener proved to me
That still, for the flower of poetry,
England is home.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

WANTED, A TONIC

THERE is no rest for the virtuous. The poor B.B.C. is to have a new signal to fill up that time of, as some people think it, blessed respite between items of the programme. It was but a little while ago that a committee sat, presumably with wet towels round their eminent heads, to decide between farmyard noises and waves of the sea and aeroplane engines and *Rule, Britannia!* and other sounds soothing or stimulating. At last it made up its collective mind and chose the innocent little tune of ping-ping-pong, which is technically described as consisting of two dominant chords followed by a tonic. The only possible objection lay in its excessive mildness, and it is apparently that which has caused its downfall. The great listening public, which disliked the measured thuds of the "ghost in goloshes," now finds its successor too "insipid" for these stirring times, and the whole weary work is to be begun over again. There seems nothing for it but a compromise. At Bob Sawyer's party Mr. Jack Hopkins sang *The King God Bless Him* to a novel air compounded of *The Bay of Biscay* and *A Frog He Would*, while everyone sang the chorus to the tune he knew best. That was at once patriotic and pleasing to everybody, and what more could you want?

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Libyan Sands—Pike in Traps—A Deer in an Eel Trap—Capping Stories

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

RECENTLY we have heard on the "wireless" reports of British officers who have gone into enemy territory in Africa on patrol to obtain information, to interfere with communications, and to raise local levies of insurgents. The first story concerned a British colonel, who had been working secretly in Abyssinia preparing for the return of Haile Selassie, but the name of the officer was withheld from us. Now an account has been given of a British officer of the Royal Corps of Signals, who since December, has been operating in the grim and horrible desert around the Italian oasis of Kufra, which lies some five hundred miles south from the coast, and where he has captured among other things the Italian official mail giving details of all the enemy's interior dispositions.

The remarkable part about this undertaking is that it constitutes, not only a most daring feat of arms, but that it necessitated the crossing of the most terrible sand-dune sea in the world, and one which has previously defeated every explorer, for it is 300 miles long and 150 miles wide. The officer who has carried out this risky operation was peculiarly fitted for the work, as he had devoted at least ten years of his life to exploration of this area, and to attempts to cross this waste of rolling dunes to discover what lay beyond. As a feat of exploration it stands out as a very great achievement, but to combine it with active hostilities makes it sound almost incredible.

THOSE who would like to know more of this stark desert country should make a point of obtaining a book called *Libyan Sands*, by Ralph A. Bagnold, for it is a saga of the explorations carried out by a small party of British officers, who devoted their leave and all their spare cash to obtaining information about this unknown waste that was bound to figure in future wars. The extraordinary part about their valuable work was that it received no encouragement or assistance from the authorities, and leave to go out into the desert and suffer hardships and discomforts was given most grudgingly.

The book is most interesting and is brilliantly written, but it is of particular value now, as, not only will it throw light on future operations, but its author is connected with the hero of the present operations. To those who like to get to the bottom of mysteries I will give it as my opinion, based on no authority whatsoever, that they will find among the many groups of bearded and dirty explorers a picture of the other mystery man, the Colonel in Abyssinia.

THE photograph of the young cock pheasant imprisoned in a pike trap, which appeared in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE, suggests that the pheasant is not always the wily and extremely cautious bird he is commonly supposed to be, for this wire cage is so obviously a trap and an evil thing to be avoided that one cannot understand any member of the wild coming within twenty feet of it. As such traps are not baited in any way, there can have been nothing inside to tempt the pheasant, and one can only conclude that he was the fool of the family and would never have lived to see October 1 and the opening of the shooting season.

It is somewhat of a mystery also why this type of cage trap should be so extremely efficient for the purpose for which it is intended, for there is no inducement for the fish to enter, and one has merely to place the trap in a suitable weed-bed to be practically certain of getting not only the particular pike one had marked down, but also half a dozen more whose presence in that stretch of water was unsuspected. On a reach of chalk stream I fish, which was considered to be practically free from this cannibal pest, one of these traps accounted for over twenty big pike in the course of a season.

WITHOUT in any way wishing to cap Mr. Roy Beddington's story of a queer capture, I heard the other day of a wild red deer caught in an eel trap, but this is not quite so remarkable as it sounds. Evidently the animal was in the habit of crossing the river at the eel weir during low water, and took a chance during a slight flood when the trap was set. One of his hoofs caught in the grid barrier, and he was swept over by the force of the rushing water and drowned.

It remains only for someone to come forward now with the story of an eel caught in a deer trap! This, I imagine, is not quite impossible, as once, when going out fishing at early dawn, I noticed a movement in the long, dew-laden grass of the water meadow, which at first I thought was caused by a large grass snake, but which transpired to be a huge eel making his way across country in the most efficient manner. As he was over four feet long and must have weighed in the neighbourhood of five pounds, he was quite heavy enough to release the plate of a gin trap, if he had happened to pass over one in the course of his wanderings.

A YOUNG American was staying in an English country house, and his gross exaggeration in all matters the phlegmatic British at first found amusing and then rather trying. The American, noticing that he was becoming unpopular, asked one of the guests the reason for it, and was told that his habit of exaggerating and capping every story by another wildly improbable was getting on people's nerves.

"I know," said the American, "it's a very bad habit of mine, and I can't break myself of it. I shall be very grateful if next time you hear me starting to exaggerate you will give me a kick under the table."

That night at dinner the conversation turned to conservatories and glasshouses, and the American at once joined in.

"Talking of glasshouses," he said, "my uncle built one in Maryland that was the largest in the Southern States. It was 2,000ft. long, roof, high, and"—here he got a warning kick—"and about half a foot wide!"

FLOWERS OF SPRING

The Rebirth of the Gardening Year

THOUGH the snowdrop and snowflake, golden aconite and the more precocious crocuses may have given us a foretaste of spring nearly a month ago, it is not until now that we begin to enjoy the real thrills of the season. For, come what may in the way of weather, the month now opening rarely fails to live up to its rôle as curtain-raiser to April, and if there is one flower more than another which we associate with the boisterous arrival of March, it is the jocund daffodil. At its best during the most poignant moments of the youthful spring, and wearing as it does the colour which is spring's most rightful banner, the daffodil has a special claim for recognition. The most adaptable of plants, it is at home anywhere, but nowhere is it quite so appealing as when it drifts in swathes of yellow over the turf glade, blending with the tone of our English landscape with as kindly a sympathy as primroses in a hazel copse. Yet it is also singularly attractive associated with such flower colour as the blue-pink of *Rhododendron præcox*.

Gertrude Jekyll had a warm regard for primroses in woodland, and she went further, urging the use of polyanthus for which she did so much. These invaluable spring flowers are as appropriate under such flowering trees as the Japanese cherries as they are for bedding, especially when some attention is paid to colour selection and the avoidance of a dappled effect which may often be disturbing. Then what is more lovely under the crystal or rosy canopy of these cherries—and none is whiter or more lasting than the old double gean—than the unbroken blue of grape hyacinths, or a chequer of blue, white, mauve and lavender which a mixed planting of the earlier scillas, chionodoxas, dog's-tooth violets and crocuses will provide? Such under-plantings will also yield enchanting effects with *Magnolia stellata* and the daffodil-yellow forsythias, ringing the changes from bulbs to the forget-me-not blue of *Omphalodes cappadocica* and the intenser hue of that best of all blue anemones, *A. apennina*. Nor can the claims of the Juliana primroses be overlooked here. The numerous varieties of this group are extraordinarily prolific bloomers and easily managed. In colour they range from purest white and ivory-cream through pinks and reds to the deepest velvety wine crimson, with diversions into such as the wallflower red Merton Hybrid and the flame-tinted orange red E. R. James—a brace of the best of the stronger growers.

Plants that naturalise must always be one of the greatest charms of a spring garden, particularly to one who has a bit of woodland. This not only because their presence implies an entire exemption from upkeep, but because the fortuitous way in which they will crop up in



THE CARPET OF DAFFODILS UNDER THE OAKS AT
PACHESHAM MANOR

The varieties are mainly Emperor and Sir Watkin

unexpected places is so delightful. The dog's-tooths (erythroniums) are among our most steadfast friends in this respect, both the early *dens-canis* and the taller and even more decorative later ones, like *Hendersonii*, *californicum*, *revolutum* and others in lilac, cream, carmine and yellow. In anemones, *A. nemorosa* with its beautiful blue varieties will come into colour before *apennina* and extend beyond it into May. A *ranunculo-ides* in buttercup gold is a first-rate naturaliser, while one of the best of all early white windflowers is *A. trifolia*, which will colonise as readily as its near ally, the native. The pink form of our wood-sorrel is a cheerful little plant for woodland, nor can we pass by the carmine blossoms of *Cyclamen ibericum*, which will greet the opening spring and carry on until *C. repandum* is announcing later days. The gentian blue *pulmonarias* of the *angustifolia azurea* group are always reliable among the early naturalisers, and, with flights of cinnabar red, *P. rubra* will assert their distinction among these lungworts in any partly shaded spot.

With that brief glance at the hosts of little things which do so much in the way of filling in the details of the spring picture, some of the shrubs and trees which are key performers in this happy parade must be noticed. Here the forsythias always provide a sustaining note, and, beginning with the pale yellow *F. ovata* in early March, they continue in variety until *F. spectabilis* comes along in later days with its unrivalled blaze of richest gold. The splendour of *Berberis Darwinii* and *B. stenophylla* will not be overlooked in April as two of the finest shrubs in the spring garden, the former at its best still successfully holding its own, all things considered, against those later arrivals, *linearifolia* and *lologensis*. *Viburnum Carlesii* and *Osmanthus Delavayi*

THE PURPLE CRAB APPLE (*MALUS PURPUREA*) IN THE
GARDENS AT WISLEY IN APRIL



AMONG THE MOST LOVELY OF SPRING-FLOWERING TREES

The double Gean (*Prunus Avium* fl. pl.) at Walhampton



are indispensable shrubs, worthy of a prominent place for their scent alone, and in taller things there is much to be said for the *Exochordas*, whether they are tossing their white racemes over the lingering flush of *Erica carnea* or over a waterside belted with the warm carmine of *Primula rosea*. The *Amelanchiers* I also like, for they are lovely in their tender young leafage and passing generous with their elegant white trusses which, in *A. asiatica* and *grandiflora rubescens*, are delicately suffused with pink.

The almonds have for long been associated with this season, but it was not until Pollard's hybrid appeared that we realised what they could achieve in size of flower, depth of colour and fragrance. And no sooner is this superb tree on the wane than the crabs will begin their long season with the crimson *Malus purpurea*, the wine red *Eleyi* and *aldenhamensis*, and many another until *M. floribunda* ushers in May with its showers of rose.

The cherries, so essentially of the spring, provide an even longer season, for the flesh-pink *Prunus Conradinae*, with its beautiful double form, will often be out in February, and from then onwards for two or three months our gardens will be graced by the white or rosy blossoms of what are surely the fairest of all spring's flowering trees. These are now so vast in number and possess so high a level of excellence that one dare not, in a limited space, attempt individual mention. But whether the cherry is single or double, pink or white, whether it stands as a single specimen, in spacious groups or in aisles of loveliness, it must always express in its most telling accents the very poetry of spring.

But the magnolias will challenge the cherry's prerogatives, such species as *M. stellata* and *salicifolia* excelling in that lightness of touch which is their rivals' strength, while the splendid *M. denudata* will impress us with the massive architectural beauty of its waxen marble-white goblets. Nor is the noble *M. Soulangeana* and its varieties, their large white blooms more or less flushed with purple, any less imposing, and a word must be put in for the shrub-like *liliflora* (so useful for small gardens), and whose wine-stained blossoms darken in the variety *nigra* into the deepest of plum purples. *M. Lennei*, a hybrid between *denudata* and the last-mentioned, is another magnificent magnolia with enormous purple and white flowers, even on quite young plants, that continue into summer. And again among spring's more notable contributions in this distinguished family is the charming, *Kobus* which rivals *salicifolia* in its larger flowers, in the elegant cut of its petals, in the purity of their whiteness, and the aromatic fragrance of both foliage and wood. *Kobus* does not come into flower at so early an age as *salicifolia*, but on the whole it is a better doer, generally most reliable, an astonishingly prolific bloomer and not too early. Among the taller magnolias (attaining thirty feet or more), it is an admirable species for the average garden, for its foliage is not too heavy and the habit is distinctly pyramidal. A. T. J.

(Top) THE GOLDEN BELL, *FORSYTHIA INTERMEDIA SPECTABILIS* AT WORMLEY BURY

(Centre) A SPRING SCENE IN THE GARDENS AT EXBURY
A multi-coloured carpet of *Polyanthus* primroses under Japanese Cherries

(Bottom) THE APRIL PAGEANT OF MAGNOLIAS AT COWORTH PARK



THE MODERN GREEKS

TO WHAT DEGREE ARE THEY THE HEIRS OF THE CLASSIC RACE?

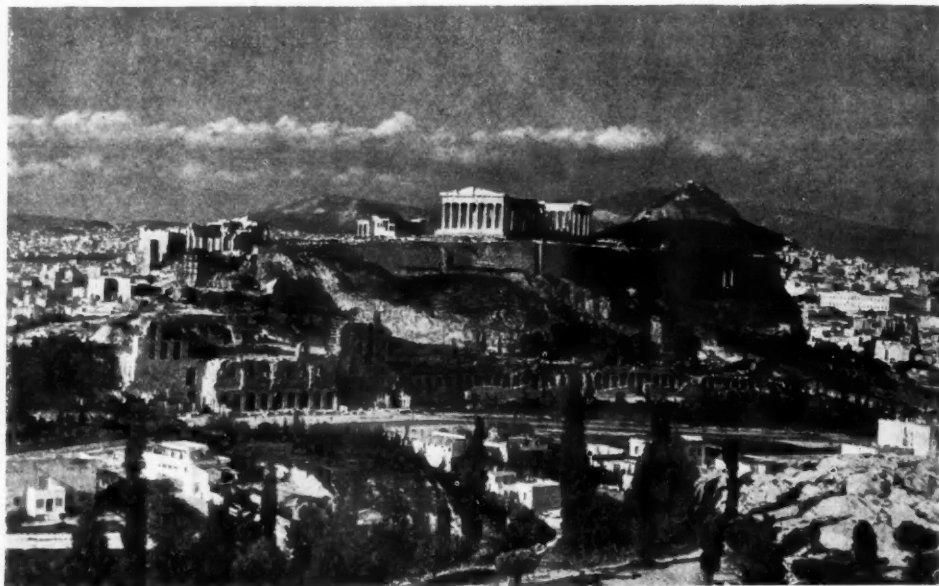
By H. V. MORTON

THE Prime Minister has twice paid the highest tribute it is possible to pay to the Greeks: he has compared their valour on the field of battle to that of the heroes of antiquity. In return, the Greeks have pronounced Mr. Churchill to be a good "Hellene," which is the highest tribute they can pay to an Englishman.

To what degree the modern Greeks are really the descendants of the heroes of antiquity is a question of considerable interest, and one that inevitably occurs to the mind of any thoughtful traveller in that adorable country. That the waiter in an hotel should have been christened Euripides (which he pronounces "Every-peedes") or that an elderly chambermaid should answer improbably to the name of Proserpine, may seem at first a picturesque and harmless custom of the country; but as the traveller learns more about Greece and its inhabitants, he realises that this passionate desire to link up with a remote past is something more than a form of national vanity. Yet it is quite a recent habit.

No Greek would have dreamed of identifying himself with Plato or Pericles before the year 1820. It would have meant nothing at all to him. Neither would any educated European have claimed such a relationship for him.

Englishmen who travelled in Greece at the beginning of the nineteenth century saw a country that was still ruled by Turkey and had formed part of the Sultan's dominions since the fall of Constantinople in 1453. The subject Christian population seemed to bear no resemblance whatsoever to the classical Greeks, and it occurred to few travellers to look for any racial connection between two peoples so widely separated by time. The first Englishman in whom I can detect the dawn of what became known as Philhellenism was Edward Dodwell, who travelled about Greece in 1801 and was always ready to see an association with



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"IT WOULD BE EASIER TO DISCOVER AN APOLLO IN A BOAT-RACE CREW THAN IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS"

the far-off classical world in some current word or custom, and even in articles of dress.

But the true father of Philhellenism was Adamantios Coraes, the son of a merchant in Smyrna, who was born in 1748 and died in Paris in 1833. He was a classical scholar and a patriot, and he perceived clearly that the only way to interest the European nations in the Greek rebellion against the Turks was to claim for his people a relationship with those heroes of antiquity whose immortal art and literature formed part of the education of every cultured European. Thus it was that when the Greek War of Independence was fought, cheerful and barefaced brigands were welcomed by their

European sympathisers as Odysseus, Achilles and Hector come to life again!

Looking back upon that period with a calmer eye, we can see well enough that those gallant patriots were Balkan chieftains running true to form, but to Byron, and other whole-hearted "Philhellenes," they were the heroes of every Englishman's schooldays, springing fully armed into the fray. To many classical scholars of those days—and it was a time when Greek was occasionally heard in the House of Commons—the discovery that the ancient Greeks had been lying concealed for four centuries under the impenetrable mystery of the Turkish Empire was as exciting as though a tomb had given forth live warriors in copper breastplates, who, at an expert glance, were recognisable as the heroes of Troy. It was, of course, natural that the astute leaders of the Greek revolt should have fostered by every means in their power that romantic and profitable illusion.

When Greece finally shook herself free from Turkey in 1830 and was declared an independent European State, the ridiculous balloon into which sentimental Philhellenism had blown itself was rudely punctured by a German professor, Jakob Philipp Fallmer-eyer, who aimed a well directed blow at the newly risen nation in the form of an essay. This hateful document, which still causes Fallmer-eyer's name to be execrated in Greece, stated that the Greeks were a bastard race, a mixture of Albanians, Slavs, Franks and Asiatics, who could not claim one drop of classical blood.

The battle that raged round Fallmer-eyer may be imagined. It was Troy, Marathon and Thermopylae fought with pen and ink. But, as time went on, the ethnologist, the philologist and the folk-loreist utterly routed the detestable German and established the fact that the modern Greeks, despite the adulteration of alien blood, are essentially the same race that has been in occupation of the Aegean Archipelago since classical times.

In order to appreciate the truth of this, you must dive deeply into Greek life and thought. It is perhaps discouraging for the modern Philhellene to realise at the outset



Hoynege Huene

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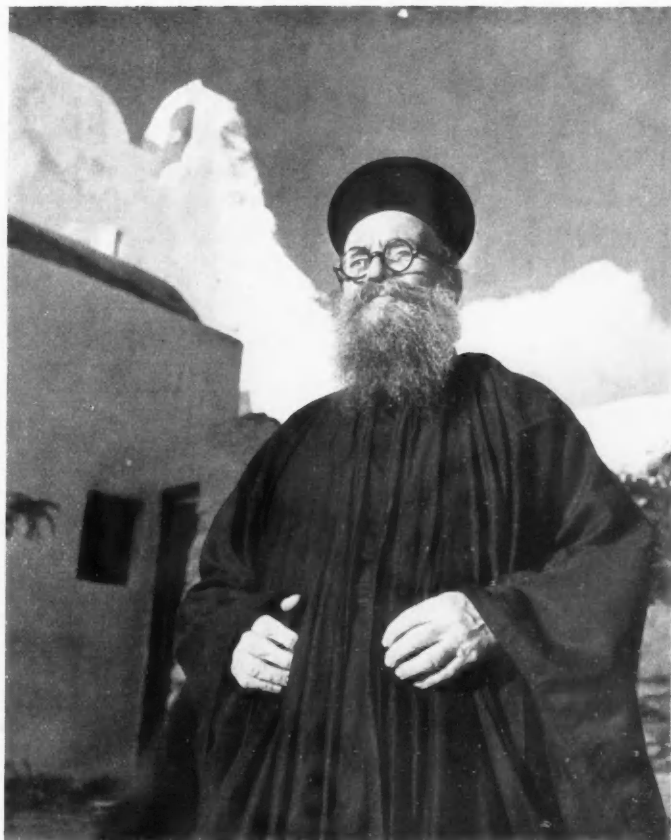
SPARTA IS HAUNTED WITH LIVING MEMORIES OF THE PAST
The temple at Bassae



H. V. Morton

A SHEPHERD OF ARCADIA

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AN ISLAND PRIEST

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that, physically, the modern Greeks bear little or no resemblance to the works of Phidias or Praxiteles. The type of beauty which we associate with the ancient Greeks seems utterly to have vanished from Hellas. And it is a strange reflection that, if you were obliged to mark down modern men and women of Greek type, it would be easier to discover an Apollo in a boat-race crew, and a Diana in Oxford

Street, than on the slopes of Ida or in the streets of Athens.

During many visits to Greece, I have searched with painstaking enthusiasm for men and women with straight noses without finding a single convincing specimen, although I have heard that peasant women in certain parts of Greece pinch up the noses of newly born children and infants in order to give to their faces

that well known feature of classical beauty. In Macedonia, it is true, I found one young man, a milkman in the town of Verria, who might, if stripped of his horrible suit of reach-me-downs, have posed for one of the less inspired Hellenistic sculptors, and in the island of Thasos I once watched a band of Greek girls in their peasant costumes performing a country dance with a lissom grace that took my mind



H. V. Morton

GIRLS OF THASOS



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AN AUTHENTIC GREEK PROFILE AMONG EVZONES



A. Costa

THE CHURCH AT DAPHNI

"Many a shrine stands on the site of an ancient temple"

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back to an earlier world. It is, however, in popular superstition and custom that the modern Greek most clearly proves his relationship with antiquity. And this is seen in a remarkable way in the customs and observances of the Orthodox Church.

The peasants in lonely parts of Greece, devout Christians though they are, profess a faith that has been sometimes superimposed upon the ancient fabric of paganism. Their conception of God and the saints bears a close resemblance to the pagan conception of Zeus and the hierarchy of Olympus.

Many religious festivals bear a marked resemblance to the pagan festivals which they have superseded, notably the Easter Week celebrations in Athens, with their torch-light procession that cannot fail to remind the scholar of the mysteries of Eleusis. In ancient times there was the same sad, nightly procession of mourners lamenting the disappearance of Demeter into the Shades, the same Lenten fast, the same sudden delight on the twelfth night for the return of Persephone, and the casting aside of sadness in favour of feasting and wild rejoicing.

In ceremonies of birth and death, modern Greeks show an astonishing fidelity to ancient custom. The child's cradle at birth is believed to be attended by the Fates, and the new life is in constant peril from the Nereids, who are believed to be anxious to place a changeling in its place. When born, the infant is bathed in warm water in which myrtle leaves have been placed, and I have heard that in many parts of Greece and the islands new-born children are washed in wine and myrtle leaves. Its lips are then smeared with honey. The use of wine and honey recalls at once the customs of ancient Greece.

In Greece to-day, as in ancient Hellas, the custom of placing a coin in the mouth of the dead is still faithfully observed, not as a fee for Charon's ferry, but as a present for "Charontas." In modern Greek mythology he is not a grisly old sailor in a black cape, but a winged horseman who takes the soul on his saddle and flies with it into the next world. It is interesting that, although he should have left the sea for the saddle, his name has survived almost unchanged.

In their attitude to dreams and prophecies and, still more, in their faith in dream cures for diseases, the modern Greeks show a likeness to their ancestors. Belief in dream cures was widely held in the ancient world, and such places as the Temple of Asklepios in Epidaurus, whose impressive ruins

may still be seen, attracted to them a constant stream of sick pilgrims, who slept a night in the sanctuary in the hope of being visited in their sleep by the God of Healing.

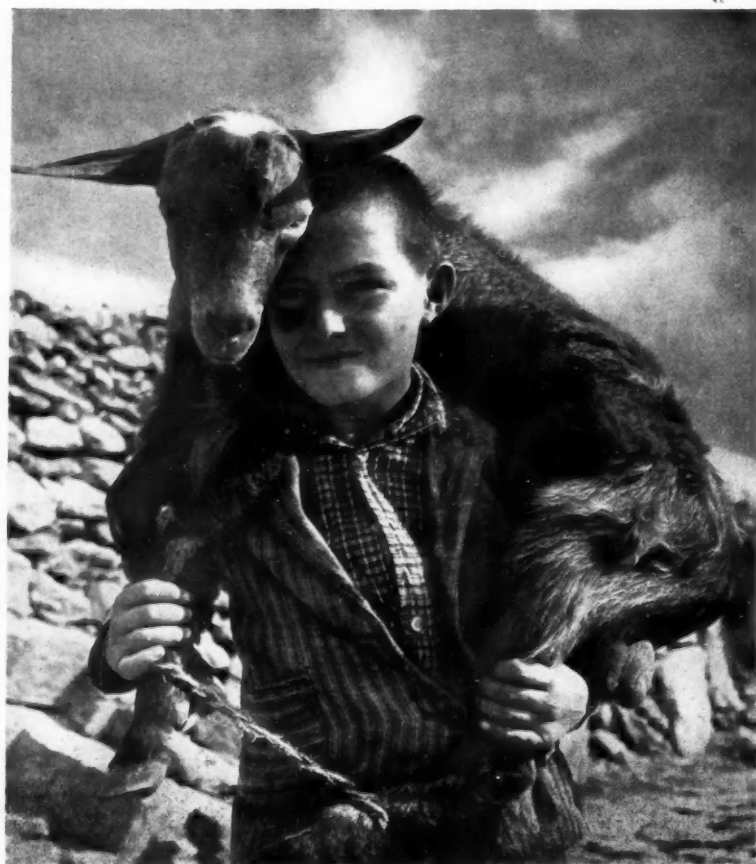
All over Greece, and in many Greek churches in the Levant, this custom is still observed. Churches dedicated to St. George receive lunatics, who are chained to a pillar at night in the belief that St. George will come to them and remove their madness. Perhaps the most impressive survival of faith in dream cures is the annual pilgrimage to the rocky shrine on the island of Tenos, when sick people from all parts of Greece ascend the rocky steps on their knees and spend the night in the vaults of the church. This Greek Lourdes has a great number of authenticated cures to its credit.

In some parts of Greece the shepherds throw corn three times a year to appease a "monster" with hairy legs, who prowls about trying to steal their sheep. He is obviously Pan.

All Greek children know fairy tales about bogeys and goblins, who are none other than the sprites, the nymphs and the dryads of Ancient Greece. Take the Callicantzari, who are said to gallop through Greece by night, between Christmas and Epiphany. They are horrid spectres with the bodies of men and the legs of beasts. What are they but the centaurs of classical mythology?

Sparta is one of the most heavily haunted parts of Greece, and I have met solemn, matter-of-fact merchants who have sworn to me that they have seen the white forms of Nereids flitting through the olive groves there.

So it is in mind rather than in physical appearance that the modern Greeks resemble their ancestors. Any reader of the classics will also recognise, without reference to the customs and superstitions I have mentioned, that the modern Greek qualities of intense curiosity, quick-mindedness, business acumen, political restlessness and intense individuality, mark out those who possess them as the true inhabitants of the magic land of Homer.



A SHEPHERD BOY

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A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

PAYING GUESTS—THEORETICAL GIVE-AND-TAKE—A GIRL AND HER SHOES—JUMPING ITALIANS—
THE SERVANT PROBLEM

By E. M. DELAFIELD

THE stately homes of England have, as we know, more or less passed out of existence: the cottage homes of England are crowded with evacuees and bottled fruits, and the urban homes of England are many of them level with the ground.

But a great many country homes of England, neither particularly large nor particularly small (though still too large for diminished incomes and too small to accommodate numerous bombed-out friends and relations), are still standing, and have their own troubles. Their troubles, and we may as well come into the open about it, are neither more nor less than "paying guests."

Those who are not taking in paying guests are being paying guests themselves, and neither state of affairs is without its difficulties.

It usually starts off with an advertisement: either an officer's wife—bright, fond of Bridge and riding, and with excellent Nannie for two little boys aged eight and nine—is willing to pay very small weekly sum for large, sunny rooms with piano, central heating, and use of bathroom; or middle-aged couple, musical, fond of gardening, and able to speak French, will accept five and a half guineas a week from elderly lady or gentleman with own attendant, willing to help with housework.

A compromise has to follow these beginnings, but sometimes there is an arrangement made, and the strange, unnatural joint existence begins.

It is theoretically to be give-and-take, and yet the pitiful truth is that nearly always, after quite a short time, each party is absolutely and genuinely convinced that theirs is all the Give, and none of the Take. They make, separately and in private, speeches that always begin with the words:

"I wouldn't mind so much, if only—"

But of course they would mind, just as much. Communal life, in a house which is owned by one party to the bargain and not by the other, can hardly ever be a success.

There are all kinds of counsels of perfection, such as providing a separate sitting-room (not always possible), arranging to go away for week-ends (too expensive), and keeping conversation impersonal (deadly dull, and productive of an unreal atmosphere)—but none of them can really alter the hard fact that most of us dislike, rather than otherwise, the

prolonged stay of other people in our homes almost as much as they dislike being there.

There is no way of making it a hundred-per-cent. success. Better admit that it is a trial, but worth enduring because nothing at all matters except winning the war.

THE other day, in a provincial shoe shop, I was privileged to hear a very long dialogue between a rather weary-looking mother and a gay and blooming daughter who might have been about sixteen years old.

They were choosing walking-shoes for the daughter, and there was a pathetically evident desire on both sides to meet one another half way, but the views of the young and of the middle-aged failed—as so often happens—to coincide. When they found a stout pair of brogues that both liked, the price was higher than the mother could afford to pay.

The daughter gave up the point without a murmur, and another fourteen pairs were produced. (There is no shoe shortage in England, whatever there may be in Germany.) Some were too large, some too tight, others were the wrong colour, and the daughter grew more and more apologetic and the mother assured her, more and more frequently, that it didn't matter a bit.

At last a brown pair with square toes pleased both of them, and they were eagerly put on.

"There isn't anything against them, is there, darling? They look so nice."

"Yes, they look frightfully nice. They're frightfully comfortable, too."

We all sighed with relief—I did, too.

"Then we'll have them, shall we?"

"Yes, Mummie, let's. They've got one tiny drawback, but it doesn't matter a scrap. You see, I've had this sort before. But it's nothing that matters."

"What is it?"

"It doesn't make any difference. I still like them. It's only that, after one's worn them a bit, they do make one's feet look exactly like Minnie Mouse."

I liked "only"—and the young aren't all as hard-boiled as people say.

THERE is a terribly silly story, in a rural setting, about a rather jaded sheep in conversation with a brisk friend. The brisk friend is bleating out a homely word of advice.

"I'm so sorry for you, dear. Have you ever tried counting Italian prisoners jumping over a stile?"

LONDON can take it.

The countryside is producing and preserving food.

The evacuated children are settling down and their physique is improving.

The meat situation, like the evacuees, is also settling down and improving.

The whole nation is really going to it, both in the towns and the country.

So far as I know, there is only one section of the community that continues, not in all cases but in the majority of them, to show itself selfish, exacting, inconsiderate, and lazy.

And that is the domestic servant class.

All the replies that can be evoked by this statement are quite well known to me:

Many mistresses are exacting, some are discourteous.

Bells may be rung at all hours, even in the middle of the night.

Caps and aprons are unpopular.

Domestic service is supposed to be lower in the social scale than practically any other occupation open to women.

Evenings are not free.

And so on.

I still stand by my statement, and what is more, I believe it would be backed by the majority of English housewives.

No one denies that there are shining examples of efficient and willing domestic workers. But there are a very much greater number of unwilling, inefficient, selfish and over-paid ones.

THERE are still no flowers in the countryside, excepting for the valiant snowdrops. But there are catkins on the willows, and they grow long and fluffy when placed in water indoors. They also spread an incredible quantity of fine pollen over the whole room, and as soon as it has been dusted off they spread more.

An occasional utterly false spring day makes its appearance, every now and then, but really means nothing whatever, except that there will be an east wind before the end of the week and that people who are recovering from influenza would be well advised to remain over the fire, and not attempt a turn in the sunshine.

KORA AND THE ELK

THERE seems to be a quite remarkable dearth of woodcock this season, and I cannot help wondering whether Hitler is responsible, and whether the Norwegian woodcock departed to Russia during the summer, thoroughly disgusted with a Norway full of Germans and Quislings. What, too, about the elk? A hungry Norwegian is not going to let thirty stone of meat slip, now that the Nazis steal most of his food. And that mention of the Norwegian, or rather Swedish, elk brings back to my memory a certain elk-hunt in Sweden when I was staying with a relative at his delightful shooting-box near the Norwegian border.

The elk season lasted only a fortnight, and we had engaged a celebrated hunter and his still more celebrated dog Kora. This elk-hound was the colour of a chow, but a beautifully shaped animal with a most intelligent expression. As our house was in the middle of good elk ground, we usually left the house at daybreak and returned at dusk, though occasionally we slept at a farm if we found ourselves too far from home at nightfall.

Luckily C. and I were pretty fit, as the going through the timber and swamps was really hard and our hunter set a hot pace. We did not see any fresh tracks or elk sign for some days, and Kora, who was on a leash, seemed thoroughly bored.

Unfortunately, C. and I spoke little Norwegian and did not understand much of what the hunter told us, but there were many minor thrills—capercaillie, blackgame, rype, woodcock, the large solitary snipe, remains of rabbits killed by lynx, tree-trunks scarred by the horns of elk and old elk tracks—but the days passed, and Kora got more and more bored. Then about the ninth day, as we were getting to the top of a small hillock, Kora showed signs of interest, pulling at the leash up the rise and when she got to the top snuffed the air, with twitching nostrils, and finally started to pull hard, and whined softly. The hunter said: "Elk very near," and loosed the dog, who darted off into the dense forest, followed by the three of us at our best pace.

Unluckily, it was a very stormy day, and although we heard Kora bark once, the roar of the wind in the trees drowned any other sound. The hunter found the tracks of a bull elk, and we followed for miles over appalling country, occasionally finding beaten-down spots where Kora had endeavoured to bay the animal. Finally we had to give up, as it was nearly dark, and C. and I were just about all in. The hunter took us home in about four hours, with no elk and no Kora. He did not seem in the least worried about his dog, and we gathered that she would be sure to follow her master home eventually.

The next morning there was still no Kora,

but her master remained quite unperturbed. Then, about tea-time, a man appeared with a pony on which was the head of a bull elk, and trotting placidly behind was Kora. The story, unravelled, was this: Kora had followed the elk for about twenty-four hours until it swam across a lake. A wood-cutter heard the dog giving tongue and saw the elk swimming towards him, followed by Kora. He had a gun of sorts handy, and shot the elk at close range as it landed.

The following evening William, our rather magnificent English butler, came to C. and asked if he could go out with the hunter and have a try for one of those "helk," as he understood that C. and I had had enough. C. said "Certainly," and gave him the day off. The result was volcanic. As we were finishing breakfast the door burst open and William, "trailing" the rifle by the barrels, his face covered with blood and his hair on end, rushed in shouting: "Oh, Sir! I've shot a helk as big as a 'ouse." And he had. William had almost trodden on a really good bull, discharged both barrels at once into the unlucky animal's side, making an enormous hole, and so to breakfast and immortal glory.

The head hung over the front door in C.'s London house, and it seemed to me ever after that there was a subtle difference in William's manner as he opened the door with his "helk" head above him.

C. H. K.



THE GARDENS AT BRODICK CASTLE

ISLE OF ARRAN



By THE DUCHESS OF
MONTROSE

ONLY a little more than twenty years ago the grounds of Brodick Castle, outside the old walled-in herbaceous and rose garden, consisted of nothing more than a series of paths intersecting an almost impenetrable jungle of *Rhododendron ponticum* which had to be cut back every year to prevent the bushes completely blocking the walks. About this time I was presented with a box of seedlings of *Primula japonica*, and, being anxious to make them as comfortable as possible, I commenced clearing the margins of a ditch which was only barely visible running under one of the paths. An ideal spot was discovered in which to plant the primulas, and once the clearing had begun, I suggested continuing a little farther, only to be met with the reply from an old gardener, "I dinna think we should dae that, there's a hydro in there and Mr. Inglis [our old forester] might no be pleased." I could not imagine from this reply what had been found in the bushes and did not like to show my ignorance, but later on I discovered, on investigating the jungle, a fine specimen of a hybrid *rhododendron*.

The work of clearing continued, and it was not long before the ditch was dammed and the pond made at the foot of an old Scots pine which

(Above) THE CASTLE FROM
THE UPPER TERRACE

A fine bush of *Osmanthus Delavayi* and a drapery of *Clematis montana* can be seen on the right

(Left) THE PAGEANT OF THE
AZALEAS BELOW THE CASTLE
IN LATE MAY

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stands on top of an enormous outcrop of sandstone rock, clasping it with great long roots. Gifts of seedlings of many species rhododendrons from the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, and later from Ardgowan and Stonefield, still further fired me with enthusiasm for this type of gardening, for which the surroundings at Brodick are so well adapted and where both the Asiatic primulas and rhododendron species find a congenial home. From such small beginnings the bog garden extended year by year, not only as more rhododendrons were acquired, but also as the ponticums were cut down and magnificent sandstone rocks were revealed which cried out to be made use of as a background for appropriate planting.

In the early days of the making of the garden many well-meaning friends urged me to obtain the services of a good landscape gardener to lay out the place. No doubt with the aid of an expert, the work would have been carried out much more efficiently and quickly, but the result would have been the creation of a stranger, and to me much of the joy of a garden lies in creating it through one's own efforts and ideas, failures and successes, and in its gradual development under one's own care and guidance. Faults there may be, of which one is often only too conscious, but these in a large measure are outweighed by the enjoyment that comes from the making.

Brodick Castle stands about 150ft. above the sea, facing south-east, commanding a magnificent panorama of the wide sweep of the Firth of Clyde with the Ayrshire coast beyond. At the foot of two steep terraces is the ancient "raised beach," the ground here sloping gradually to a sandstone cliff which drops some 30ft. to 50ft. to sea level, and stands about 30yds. to 100yds. back from the present high-water mark. Both on the "raised beach" and at sea level grow many fine silver firs, larches, Scots pines and oaks. As the ponticum rhododendrons were cut down all but the best trees were also removed, leaving open spaces for sun-loving

(Right) THE CURTAIN OF ERINUS ALPINUS DRAPING THE WALL BY THE STAIRWAY TO THE OLD WALLED GARDEN

(Below) A VIEW OF THE WALLED GARDEN BELOW THE TERRACE IN LATE SPRING WHEN THE TULIPS ARE IN FULL BLOW





ORNAMENTAL PLANTING BY THE WATERSIDE
Primula japonica, funkias, irises, spiraeas and ferns form the backbone of the display

shrubs and yet at the same time providing ample shade and shelter for rhododendrons and numerous other plants which appreciate woodland conditions. Outcrops of rock occur all along the "raised beach," and these make an admirable setting for various heaths and smaller members of the rhododendron family. One particularly big outcrop helps to shelter a dell where many tender plants are grown with reasonable success. The cliff face in parts overhangs, but in other places slopes fairly gradually, and here, with the aid of large stones to retain the soil, I was fortunate in being able to make a good natural rock garden.

When, some ten years ago, my daughter married a nephew of Colonel Dorrien-Smith and of Mr. Arthur Boscawen, a new era was opened for the garden. My son-in-law, inheriting a love and knowledge of gardening from both sides of his family, secured for me a large number of rare and choice plants, most of which survived the winters normally experienced on the west coast. The last two winters, with their severe frosts and heavy snowfalls, however, have proved too much for many of them, and such choice treasures as *Prostranthera rotundifolia*, *Clianthus puniceus* and *Metrosideros diffusa* have succumbed. The loss I most regret, however, are three bushes of *Erica melanthera* which had reached some eight to ten feet high. Many bushes of *Clethra arborea* suffered badly, but fortunately survived, while most of the acacias were damaged by the heavy snowfall, but show signs of recovery. On the other hand, the tree ferns have withstood the harsh conditions, and have come through both winters unscathed.

The success which attended the planting of rhododendrons in the early stages encouraged me to extend the plantings of this magnificent shrub. Given ample protection from the strong westerly gales, all the handsome large-leaved species do well. Below the cliff we found soil and shelter eminently suitable for these, and narrow paths and bays were cut out among the high ponticums, until now the rhododendron walk extends for almost half a mile and contains a large selection of species. *R. fragrantissima* flourishes on a south wall on the outside of the flower garden, producing some forty to fifty of its lovely blooms each year. *RR. Lindleyi*, *Johnstoneanum*, *Dalhousiae*, and *Griersonianum* have all settled down and flower generously. The same can also be said of *RR. bullatum*, *Taggianum*, and the dwarf repens, which,



R. M. Adam

THE FESTIVAL OF THE AZALEAS AND PRIMULAS IN EARLY SUMMER

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judging from its general look of well-being and its display of flower, finds the conditions much to its liking. The magnificent but uncommon *R. Kyawi* has flowered several times, but owing to its unfortunate habit of making growth very late in the season it invariably suffers from the autumn frosts. *R. grande* and most of the other big-leaved species have not flowered yet, but some of the leaves were measured last year by Dr. Cowan, and one leaf of *R. sino-grande* measured 27 ins., which he pronounced to be almost a record. Two specimens of *R. Thomsonii* now about 15 ft. high never fail, when in their full panoply of blood-red waxy blossoms, to make a most striking picture which compels the admiration of the most casual observer.

Many of the lilies also find the situation to their liking. *Lilium giganteum* has established itself in many corners of the woodland, and in other places where there is ample shelter, the handsome *Lilium auratum* does well, many of its stems reaching a height of seven or eight feet, and having as a background some magnificent 20 ft. high bushes of *Tricuspidaria lanceolata*, which afford an admirable foil to the incomparable blooms of the lilies. Many other plants which favour the cool and the shade find the woodland surroundings suitable, judging by their general look of well-being. Ornamental shrubs, chosen as much for the loveliness of their autumnal leaf tints and berry as for their vernal beauty of flower, find a place in the more open parts and, supplemented by colonies of various hardy plants that look well in less disciplined surroundings, afford many interesting and picturesque incidents throughout the greater part of the year. *Primula Winteri* is another treasure that succeeds with little trouble, and last year a self-sown plant appeared in quite an exposed part of the rock garden.

I feel that praising this garden is like praising one's own family, but to see the beautiful *Rhododendron Nobleanum* and the charming *R. dauricum* in their full tide of loveliness on a January day with the ground carpeted with snow and against a Mediterranean blue sea, is a picture given to few other places. After the pageant of the rhododendrons throughout the spring comes the festival of the primulas. These have been planted everywhere by the waterside with a generous hand, and afford a magnificent show throughout May and June. Later come the spiræas, astilbes, and a host of other waterside plants whose beauty and colouring are reflected in the small pool which is backed by a gunnera of immense proportions. On a summer evening the garden affords many most attractive vistas where vegetation, hills and sea are happily combined, and there is perhaps no more enchanting moment than in the late evening when the golden sunlight is caught by the tops of the distant hills and reflected in the still waters of the bay which ripple in to wash the brown rocks where a heron feeds.

All these varied aspects of this rock and woodland garden well repay for the twenty years of thought and labour that have gone to its making. Now, alas! most of the men have left for military service. Those who remain must turn their attentions to the growing of onions and turnips in the flower garden, as well as producing everything possible out of the vegetable garden. The rock garden is already becoming overrun with weeds, so luxuriant is the growth on this part of the western seaboard, and soon only memories will remain to remind one of the beauties of gentians, campanulas, meconopsis and a host of other choice plants which flourished among the rocks. We shall still, however, have the rhododendrons to provide a blaze of colour in March and April, and the azaleas and wild hyacinths to succeed them through May and early June. These alone, providing a scene of brilliance for weeks on end, will be sufficient compensation for the twenty years of work and happiness that have gone to the making of the garden.

THE POOL IN THE WILD GARDEN

Azaleas fringe the margins of the pool, providing a fine display of blossom in the spring followed by brilliant half-tints in autumn. A noble gunnera at one corner affords an impressive feature as well as an admirable foil to the other waterside plants



A NATURAL ROCKY OUTCROP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE WOODLAND
A charming and picturesque association of rock and vegetation



THE HEATHER GARDEN WHERE NATURE AND ARTIFICE MEET



R. M. Adam

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PASSING AND RE-PASSING

TWO golfers, so I am told by a kind correspondent, were once being kept back by an unconscionably slow couple in front. Presently these blockaders, to use a word that comes naturally to-day, had "lost more than one clear hole on the players in front," and the time had come to ask leave to pass. It was reluctantly granted; the slowcoaches drew aside, but as their pursuers went by one of them put in a shrewd thrust. "What you are doing, gentlemen," he said, "may be golf, but it is not Christianity."

This opens up too awful a question. It would almost seem to me that the un-Christian boot was on the other leg; but however that may be, it is truly singular how all the worst passions even of the mildest of us are roused by the suggestion of passing. "Come on!" we shout, but it is in a grudging manner, with little of graciousness or old-world courtesy about it. Our vanity, say what we will, is wounded in a tender place. This is the harder to understand because if there is, to persons of ordinary sensitiveness, one thing more than another calculated to make them miss the ball, it is the consciousness of other people stamping, swearing, and doing cabman's exercise to keep warm in their wake. Only one thing is worse, the sensation of playing billiards with two other persons waiting for the table, throwing themselves back in their seats, shrugging their shoulders, and exchanging glances as the score on the marking-board mounts by steps so small as to be almost imperceptible. Yet in spite of this fact, which amounts to a truism, how often do we see people almost running between strokes, picking up their ball, putting one-handed, and generally spoiling their own game with the sole and glorious object of spoiling that of those behind them. "Do we see?" I have written, but perhaps it should be "Did we see," for I think that golfers in general have grown more reasonable in this matter, and there are seldom such deplorable scenes, such hitting of encroaching balls into the sea, such solemn complaints to the committee, as there used once to be. It may only be that I have grown so much slower myself, so that I am now a passee and not a passer, but I should rather attribute it to the deteriora-

tion in the race of colonels. Despite all the jokes about Poona, I am convinced that colonels, in point of explosive qualities, are not what they were. When I was a boy it seemed to me that there was not a course without a retired military commander who would have died rather than surrender in the

A Golf Commentary by **BERNARD DARWIN**

matter of being passed. Once you were behind him all hope had to be abandoned. To-day they are lamb-like by comparison, and for myself I have recently found a bishop a far more serious impediment than a general officer. Not so very many years ago there was a hulla-balloo in the fine old crusted manner at an Amateur Championship meeting. In a championship, though one has much to suffer one usually accepts waiting as part of the pleasure, if it may so be termed, of competing; but on this occasion a fiery friend of mine was driven to desperation and invoked the rule as to the "one clear hole," and "one," as I understand, was a considerable understatement. The situation was made the more poignant by the fact that one of the dilatory couple was the reigning champion and presumably regarded the demand as a species of blasphemy against the divine right of champions. There was what is vulgarly known as a jolly row, with no particular result except that we ghouls of the Press had the chance of an unctuous feast.

To be passed in the case of a lost ball ought not to hurt the most bristling vanity, and yet here, too, we are not always as Christian as we ought to be. There is one black crime too often committed which ought to consign the criminal to the nethermost hell, namely, to signal to the pursuers to come on and then, the ball having been found, to go back on a plighted word and make a rush of it. There is only one rule in such a case, namely, to stand like a statue and let the pursuers

come by, unless expressly told by them to go on. There is no more to be said about the law or the morality of the question, but about the worldly wisdom there is, for to play a hole even decently well when in the act of passing is one of the hardest things in all golf. We are profuse in our thanks, since at that moment good manners cost us nothing—and then we miss the ball. The phenomenon of two couples both hunting for balls at the same hole is the not infrequent result. To use a metaphor from the river, the boat that has made its bump is sometimes promptly and humiliatingly re-bumped, while now and again a third boat comes sweeping by them both for an over-bump.

There is another section of the rule about priority on the course which causes a good deal of feeling, namely, that which lays it down that "Any match playing a whole round shall be entitled to pass a match playing a shorter round." At one spot where I have played many happy rounds there is an hotel, a small colony of houses, and a footpath leading on to the course near the fourth teeing ground. We start gaily away, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, with a clear green, and all goes well till we have played the third over the big sandhill and walked along the narrow path through mountainous country, expecting to enjoy from that fourth tee a view not only beautiful in itself but in its emptiness. And what is the first thing that meets our gaze? Why, those odious incompetents, behind whom we played but yesterday, complacently fluffing their ball along a couple of hundred yards in front. They have committed what seems at the moment the one unforgivable offence: they have cut in. It is true that we ourselves sometimes cut in, by playing the first six holes, keeping a wary eye meanwhile on the couples who have turned for home, and dashing across the strip of marsh to nip in on the fourteenth tee. It is a moment fraught with infinite anxiety, for, if we are not there in time, we shall be swamped by the rushing stream and never get home at all. Let us hope that we behave in a proper and law-abiding manner and do not throw ourselves on the Christian charity of the couple who are just coming up

BEES IN THE GARDEN

OUR ancestors never had to worry about the sugar shortage; the beehives that stood in homely rows in the gardens of rich and poor provided them with all the sweets they needed; pure honey, the most perfect food in the world. "Plant More Potatoes" "Eat More Carrots," urge our anxious Ministries of Food; and they would be wise to add, "Keep more bees in the garden."

To quote from a report from the Ministry of Agriculture, honey is completely digestible: one pound of it has the calorific value of thirty eggs or six pints of milk.

Honey is a sovereign remedy for fatigue: as a heat producer worth twice its weight of butter; a useful substitute for cod liver oil; a better restorative for the heart than alcohol and invaluable for healing throat and chest.

But it must be real honey, gathered by real bees from real flowers—not the synthetic stuff made by man in imitation honey-combs.

The answer to the question "How to get real honey?" then, especially in these days of food shortage, is "Keep more bees." Bee-keeping is a simple craft, but not simple enough to teach in one short article: it is possible only to advise, relate personal experience, and utter a few warnings.

A good hand-book on the subject is the first step; next, a visit to a bee-keeper in the neighbourhood. He is sure to welcome you; for we have found that all

bee-masters are brothers. He will tell you how to get reliable stock—perhaps he will provide it himself—he will let you watch him work among the hives, the best way of all to learn bee-keeping. He will lend you his skep, smoker, extractor, and all the equipment the amateur usually acquires by degrees.

The best month to start bees is March, for with good luck and a good bee-master that means honey the same year. Only the other

day an old bee-keeper, who is obliged to diminish his stock, offered us a hive complete with bees for the moderate sum of four pounds ten.

If March is impossible the amateur might get his hive, either new or second-hand, in readiness and wait until the bee-keeper can supply him with a swarm in late May or early June. Or he may—as we did—write to a well known bee-breeder and order a nucleus, a miniature colony of three or four combs of stores and brood with a young queen and workers adhering. The hive for these should face south or south-east, protected from the north winds.

The bees will arrive in a skep or travelling-box, and this must be placed in a shady spot until sundown, when they may be hived. If a second-hand hive is used it must have been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Bees are exquisitely dainty and hate dirt and disagreeable odours, and, like the bee-masters of old, who raised their hats to the hive in passing, we must respect their wishes.

Six years ago, attracted to apiculture more by its decorative and poetical side than the practical one, we became the happy possessors of a whole colony of working bees and their queen. They entered their new realm under the apple trees one June evening with the sound of triumphal drumming, and early next morning the workers were afield.

Maeterlinck tells us in his



STARTING A NUCLEUS HIVE FROM PARENT STOCK

The bees are transferred from the ordinary hives to the small nucleus hive, and so another stock is built up. A photograph taken at the Institute of Agriculture, Usk

Life of the Bee that his love for bees was born when he saw twelve domes of straw set against a garden wall in a Dutch garden. Our dome was not of straw, only a modern hive, but our joy and pride in it and in its successors has been never-ending. We knew no more of bees than what Dr. Watts had taught us in the nursery, but we studied text-books, examined the bees at work, at first with awe and then with confidence, until we learnt all about the marvellous architecture of the hive and how to handle the bees with gentleness.

At the end of that summer there was no honey for us—the hive had been installed too late—but there were thirty pounds as a winter

store for the bees. We tucked them up warmly for the dark months, and during the winter made a new hive in readiness for our first swarm and planned new beds of flowers and herbs beloved by bees. Since then a new hive has been added each year to the row beneath the apple trees; our honey jars are filled with a golden store, and we have made the happy discovery that, since bees have droned busily in the orchard, the fertilising of the blossom is assured and our crops multiplied.

The amateur bee-keeper must not expect to make money out of a small apiary, and he must be prepared to improve the shining hour as industriously as the little bee, for the hives

must have scrupulous care and attention.

Apiculture, however, is a fascinating hobby and one that appeals to the imaginative as well as to the practical. There is always something new to learn about the lovely mysteries of the hive's communal life, and there is an old country saying that those who work among bees are always charming people.

The humblest cottage garden can be a home for bees; and even in sugarless and butterless days, those who tend them with understanding may be like the happy queen in the nursery rhyme, "sitting in her parlour, eating bread and honey."

KATHERINE L. OLDMEADOW.

EXPLORING IN ASSAM

Reviewed by C. F. MEADE

Assam Adventure, by F. Kingdon Ward. (Cape, 12s. 6d.)

TWO principal themes have been interwoven in this book; one is the adventure of making new botanical discoveries; the other is the enthralling pursuit of exploration in one of the least-known parts of the world. The illustrations, which are excellent, are from photographs taken by the author.

A striking feature of the book is the almost continuous, and by no means monotonous, celebration of the charms of the rhododendrons and the primulas. Giant rhododendrons, forty or fifty feet high with leaves eighteen inches long, were met with. In full bloom, the author says, they are so overwhelming that they blind one to everything else, "and yet there are other trees and shrubs." He then goes on to describe the exquisite beauty of the magnolias.

A mere catalogue of the rhododendrons' glories reads like a hymn of praise: *R. polyanthum*, "lovely and sweet-scented, in a surging ocean of rhododendrons of all colours,"

R. Keysii, "hung with countless clusters of glowing, red-hot tubes, each ringed with yellow, like fairy lamps"; *R. concatenans*, too, "a slender pyramidal shrub, its branches arched and drooping with countless carillons of crystal orange bells." Again, "the round-leaved *R. campylocarpum*, with innocent pale primrose-yellow bells." Or the red-hot bells of *R. Thomsonii*, or *R. fulgens*, with its flowers clenched into solid balls of an even more vivid crimson than those of *R. Thomsonii*. Another marvel is *R. Wightii*, "a large yellow-flowered shrub, almost a tree, with long, narrow, dull-gilt leaves, and bunches of sulphur flowers, finely freckled inside with crimson." Or again, *R. campanulatum*, of which the colour of the flowers is pale bluish purple, with a hint of lavender in it, giving them an almost ethereal quality. Elsewhere the dark forest is described as illuminated by this variety with its purple flowers, no two quite the same, and the sombre background throwing the flowers into fantastic relief.

Good botanists are generally interested in birds, and an added delight in these astonishing forests was the profusion of bird-life. Sibilas, tits, honey-suckers, laughing thrushes, and innumerable other small birds gathered there.

In the open meadows the primulas were as overwhelmingly lovely in their different manner as were the rhododendrons in theirs. For ten miles on one occasion the explorer's party waded through fields of primulas, almost knee-deep and enchanted by the scent of them. It seems that the most luxuriant growths are usually the result of prolonged grazing by yaks; in fact, in course of time, the pastures of these high Tibetan valleys are likely to be ruined by flowers, and the owners of the herds are obliged to destroy more forest in order to secure fresh pasturage, till that, too, becomes infested in its turn, and another move has to be made.



PRIMULA STRUMOSA GROWING IN YAK PASTURE

"Clear yellow primulas, each a large hemispherical head of flowers (something like the head of a primrose) on a short, fat stalk"

From *Assam Adventure*

The starting-point of Mr. Kingdon Ward's expedition was at a village not far from the Tibetan frontier of Assam. He was accompanied by two of the invaluable Darjeeling Sherpas, one of whom had carried a load to over 25,000ft. on Mount Everest. (Mr. Kingdon Ward, by the way, inadvertently refers to this man as a "coolie" a term that is misleading.) In the village where they waited for permission to enter Tibet the local *jongpen* was a skilled exponent of the art of doing nothing, and thoroughly understood the secret of how to govern well by leaving people alone so that they learnt to govern themselves. However, this ideal condition of anarchy has its drawbacks, for when the transport had been ordered and was due, none of it arrived; to the contractor, one day was as good as another. It was only after long delay that the *jongpen* turned up and the party was able to start.

Mr. Kingdon Ward is a wise traveller and refrains from planning his journey in too much detail. He was consequently at liberty to improvise light-hearted variations on his itinerary at a moment's notice. Thus he had crossed the Tibetan frontier with the idea of subsequently approaching it from the north in order to explore some of the Tibetan valleys that lay close behind it. But in a moment he changed his mind and set off to link up his itinerary with that of a previous journey he had made along the Tsangpo. The Tsangpo is one of the great Tibetan rivers which starts as if with the intention of making for China, but suddenly, like Kingdon Ward, light-heartedly changes its direction. Eventually, instead of making for China, it flows into the Indian Ocean.

On the way to this river the explorer had another happy thought, and by crossing a pass of 17,000ft. above sea level he was able to visit a sacred glacier lake, never previously seen by a white man.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the journey began when the author, again yielding to a commendable impulse, decided to vary his route once more, and started on what may have been the most inspiring of all his quests.

This was the exploration of the Po Yigrong, a river flowing through a range of mysterious mountains in a little-known region to the north beyond the Tsangpo. Kingdon Ward had visited this part of Tibet during a previous journey, and had come to the conclusion that this magnificent range of glacier peaks possessed more than one summit exceeding 25,000ft. Setting out accordingly on the new venture, he left the Assam frontier far behind him and plunged deep into Tibet. He calculated that when he had emerged from the Po Yigrong mountains he would find himself on the Peking to Lhasa trade route. He was not mistaken, although it was to find that he was seven marches out in his calculation of the distance. After weeks of mist and cloud the supreme moment came when the superb spectacle

was revealed of the great cluster of ice-peaks. Even the phlegmatic Sherpa porter was moved: "Look, look, Sahib, come quick, it is like the view of Kangchenjunga from Darjeeling." The story of the exploration among these unknown mountains forms the climax of this absorbing book. It is satisfactory, too, to reflect there still remains here an immense field for discovery.

OF WINE AND WINES

Since the days of Cyrus Redding a few good books and some honestly indifferent ones have appeared in this and other tongues on the subject of wine and wines. To the present writer (with many of his contemporaries and elders) all of them are fascinating, however much they may vary in accuracy or literary merit. In the present lamentable state of the world it seems that we shall more and more be compelled to enjoy our wines in retrospect; and happy is the man who has his memory stored with them in all their countless variety of colour, flavour and bouquet. As communications fail and prices soar he will not indeed remain indifferent to such matters. There is always some faint hope of the renewal of earlier pleasures. Even a bottle of inexpensive claret or a glass of good sherry "just now and then" may stir in us forgotten delights and set us searching in the wine-bins of memory. So too will the mere reading of a book; and to the true wine-bibber all such books, so that they deal with wines, are magic doorways to the old gardens of delight. Whether they are technical and "dull," merely topographical, or anecdotal and witty, he does not greatly care. All the same, like the rest of mankind, however infatuated he may be with the subject, he prefers a lively book to a tiresome one, and nobody can say that Mr. Maurice Healy's book *Stay Me with Flagons* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is not as sparkling and sprightly as some of the liquors he describes. It is written in the true Saintsbury tradition, and compares well with the equally attractive works of Mr. Morton Shand and Mr. Warner Allen. It has over them one inevitable advantage: it is more up-to-date. Indeed, a reading of it will make even the most expert among connoisseurs realise the difficulties in these days of keeping his knowledge level with the times. Mr. Healy gives us a very good example. In 1934 he wrote a smaller book on the

wines of Bordeaux in which "I sang the swan-song of my Mouton [Rothschild] and indeed of all 1920's." But he has since discovered his mistake; for "the 1920's were not dead but sleeping." The chapters on claret are probably Mr. Healy's best. There are certain verdicts elsewhere in the book with which he would not expect us all to agree, but he would certainly have expert opinion behind him in most that he says of the red wines of Bordeaux. His devotion to Chateau Haut Brion (O'Brien, as he would have it) leads him to lament the declension of that loveliest of all red wines. But he is full of optimism. Mr. Dillon, the new owner of the Chateau, is reviving ancient practices, and "In ten years' time I hope to drink the Haut Brion of 1937." May that wish be gratified and justified! As for the other red wines of Graves, many will be found to agree with all his enthusiasm and judgment prompt him to say of them.

"THE FRIEND OF MAN"

It seems to have been Lady Burne-Jones who christened Sir Sydney Cockerell "the Friend of Man," and the name has stuck. Its agreeably doggish suggestion of loyalty and charm is borne out by the massive budget of correspondence with conspicuous literary figures of the late Victorian and Edwardian eras which is collected in *Friends of a Lifetime: Letters to Sydney Carlyle Cockerell* (Jonathan Cape, 18s.), and edited by Viola Meynell. Sir Sydney's relations with the great men of his acquaintance—mostly his seniors—have been singular; one imagines that if the pictures and manuscripts in the Fitzwilliam could speak, they would address their late curator much as do the appreciative humans whose life and work he has studied and understood with a scholar's humane delicacy. Sir Sydney has tended and caressed the latter days of Pre-Raphaelites and their widows; he has written charming letters to them when they were sick or sad; he has sent them books, responded to their ideas and hopes with sympathy and interest; and often honoured their memories with perceptive epitaphs. Naturally, there is much pathos in such a book: at its deepest, perhaps, in the glimpse of the aged Ruskin sliding into melancholic torpor at Brantwood, but hardly less in the burden of disappointment which runs through the later letters of many constructive thinkers of the nineteenth century. Most of them lived to see the outbreak of war in 1914, and their comments are bitter. "O, how I loathe war—worse now than at any other time—for we know better," says Lady Burne-Jones; "I get torn and torn," writes Lethaby, "I get careless when there is a respite and frightened d when there is not"; "What is altogether disgusting," comments Wilfrid Blunt, "is to think that whichever way things go, we are in for a military era which will put an end for many years to all art and poetry and drama other than the coarsest." And Thomas Hardy found himself watching "the clock spinning backwards, with a mild wonder if, when it gets back to the Dark Ages and the Sack of Rome, it will ever move forward again to a new Renaissance." But gaiety and wit survived, as they always will. The most charming letters came from two very different people—Philip Webb and Charles Ricketts; one of Webb's letters, in particular, is a gem. For the rest, there are few which do not communicate some flash of character or pleasing triviality. It is amusing, and not irrelevant to larger issues, to learn, for instance, that Ruskin was jealous of Viollet-le-Duc's *Dictionnaire*; that Tolstoy disliked Shakespeare because "he had no feeling for the peasants"; and that Hardy disliked *Wuthering Heights* "for its unrelieved ugliness." A thousand details of this sort make Sir Sydney's letter-files intensely interesting and entertaining. And there are sixteen really remarkable portraits.

HAPPY GO LUCKY

Mr. Rex Tremlett, who records his varied career under the title *Easy Going* (Herbert Jenkins, 10s. 6d.), is nothing if not cheerful. His determined sprightliness is, indeed, a trifle oppressive at times, and his practical joking a little too much overdone. That said, however, his book is an entertaining narrative set in places so widely separated as the Lupa goldfield in Tanganyika Territory, and the purlieus of Harlem, where the author had an "affair"—one of many recorded in this volume—with a copper-coloured beauty. A job as manager of a tobacco estate at the age of sixteen—a journalistic interlude in Johannesburg, and another in Lancashire—prospecting in various parts of the world—and, finally, life in the Thames Patrol, where Mr. A. P. Herbert comes into the picture—provide some of the episodes in an autobiography which has one noteworthy merit not found in the majority of its kind, that of not taking its subject too seriously. The author's

sense of humour must, one imagines, have prevented him plunging too deeply into the troubled waters of British Fascism, and thus saved him from following his one-time leader into an involuntary retirement. There is also a glimpse of pre-war Germany, albeit a rather irritatingly superficial one; while Dr. Frank Buchman, of the Oxford Group, beams briefly through his spectacles in one chapter, and utters one of his famous platitudes. Mr. Tremlett's journalistic sense is strongly developed, and, while it undoubtedly helps him to make a good "story" out of scanty material, it also betrays him into such flights of turgid fancy as the passage in which the sight of a mid-nineteenth-century tea clipper at her moorings is said—goodness knows why!—to call up visions of Drake and Raleigh.

BLESSING OR CURSE

To write about John Knox without siding for or against him seems as impossible as to square the circle. It is clear that Mr. George R. Preedy set out with the intention of being impartial and objective and all the rest of it in this *Life of John Knox* (Herbert Jenkins, 15s.). But the intention comes to nothing before we have read far. Little gusts of irritation are followed by passages of cold hostility, and these sometimes merge into unmistakable hatred. The period is at the author's fingertips, and her interpretation of Knox's character is entertaining for those who happen to agree with her. The others—those who regard Knox not as "the cumber of Scotland" but as "a mirror of Godliness"—will not be so well suited by this detailed analysis of his life and his behaviour to Mary, Queen of Scots, and others.

LONDON IN THE RAIDS

Mr. Negley Farson, who writes *Bomber's Moon* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.), ably supported by the drawings of Mr. Tom Purvis, is an American citizen. So he is not obliged (as an Englishman would be) to dissemble his love!—and he doesn't. Wandering in and out of the London scenes visited by Nazi bombers, he loves, it appears, everything and everyone English except wealthy shirkers and Whitehall officialdom. Sympathetic, but also observant and abreast of the new spirit of the times, Mr. Farson can hit hard on occasion. "When history is written you will find that this Civil Service red tape was one of the things which lost you Scandinavia." And again, "What is the difference between Mr. Micawber and the Ministry of —? The Ministry is always waiting for something to turn down." Mr. Tom Purvis is a wizard at drawing the spirit of England by means of drawing Londoners. One can look, chuckling, again and again at his policemen, wardens, fish-porters, charwomen; look again and again, not

chuckling, at his exhausted shelterers, his touching children, his men and women, old, lame or blind, but all fighting fit against the common foe of humanity. Lovely, kind and true is this book in all its parts—though occasionally a little careless in its grammar.

WATER COLOUR POEMS

The poems of Mr. J. Redwood Anderson published in *The Curlew Cries* (Oxford University Press, 5s.) have the precision and clarity of the first-rate water-colour, and, though they are not important, only a captious verse-lover could fail to take pleasure in them. His love of Yorkshire is sincere and illuminating, and the Humber Estuary, a stretch of country not generally thought beautiful, is brought to life by his observant affection. His lyrics have a charming flow and rhythm, and there is nothing careless or unfinished, nothing slovenly or meaningless in any of them. *Water Festival* is a delightful example both of his faithful descriptive powers and of the melodious felicity of his expression. One can hear and see his remote waterfalls in the verse that ends:

"each springs
lightly from ledge to ledge—and all,
playing and singing and leaping after
phantoms of joy flying where they pursue,
mix in one dance, one song, one laughter,
and fill the valley through
with beauty as old as it is new."

There is something vivid and forceful in his repetition of such phrases as

"Silent, incessant, soft,"
to describe a snowfall, or

"Steadily, steadily
Across the rapid estuary

The keen east wind blew from the sea." a method he employs most effectively in the dramatic *Spurn Light*. Mr. Anderson understands the human heart, and there is much sincerely felt and charmingly expressed poetry in this book.

BRILLIANCE AND DISTINCTION

Mr. Evan John, author of *Crippled Splendour*, has a scholarly but modern way with history, a way attractively vivid. In *King's Masque* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) he retells one of the most familiar bits of European history: the reign of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, the love between the latter and the Swedish Count Axel von Fersen, the affair of the diamond necklace, the French Revolution. But he tells it in a way that makes it new. It is as if all the pieces of history were laid, like parts of a jig-saw puzzle, on a corner of a table; from this tumbled pile of varying colours and shapes, the fastidious hand of the author chooses here a coloured fragment belonging to France, there one from Turkey or Austria, Sweden, Russia or England, lays it in its place and gradually causes the whole intricate pattern to come together and achieve completion. What will be actually new to many readers is the unravelment of Swedish politics, and the portrait of a remarkable king, Gustave III of Sweden. There is no trace of the book having been written under adverse conditions: a notable triumph in view of the fact that for the last year the author has been serving in the army.

A TALE OF FAIR KASHMIR

The Karathia of Miss Susan Gillespie's new novel *They Went to Karathia* (Bles, 7s. 6d.) is no doubt Kashmir, though she has disguised it a little. Her pictures of Europeans there are exceedingly interesting: of Alice Markham the painter who runs a dispensary for sick animals, of Mrs. Harrison-Beddoes who exists for the social round, and of the two good-looking young Culhans who come apparently for a visit and really to escape from Michael the husband's implication in a *cause célèbre*. Sandra Culhan, married in ignorance to a worthless man, is the heroine of the book; the hero, one Clive Markham, a man who has recently inherited wealth and, coming out to Karathia to visit his sister, meets her and loves her. The final happiness of Sandra and Clive lies under threat of death on the last page; it may be life-like, at the moment, but the reader who has learned to like them is saddened.

BOOKS EXPECTED

From Messrs. Methuen, *The Diary of a Staff Officer*, dealing with the fall of France, from Messrs. Harrap, *J'Accuse*, by André Simone, on the same theme from another point of view.

From Messrs. Gollancz, *Attack in Depth: Design for Victory*, by Hugh Slater, and two interesting novels, *Immortal Ease*, by Kathleen Coyle, and *The Ex-Bow Incident*, by Walter van Tilbury Clark. From Messrs. Secker and Warburg, in the Searchlight Series: *The Artist and the New World*, by C. Connolly, *The End of the Public Schools*, by T. C. Worsley, *Beyond the Bombardment*, by T. R. Fyvel, and *Above All Things—Liberty*, by M. Foot.



ONE OF MR. TOM PURVIS'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO
BOMBER'S MOON

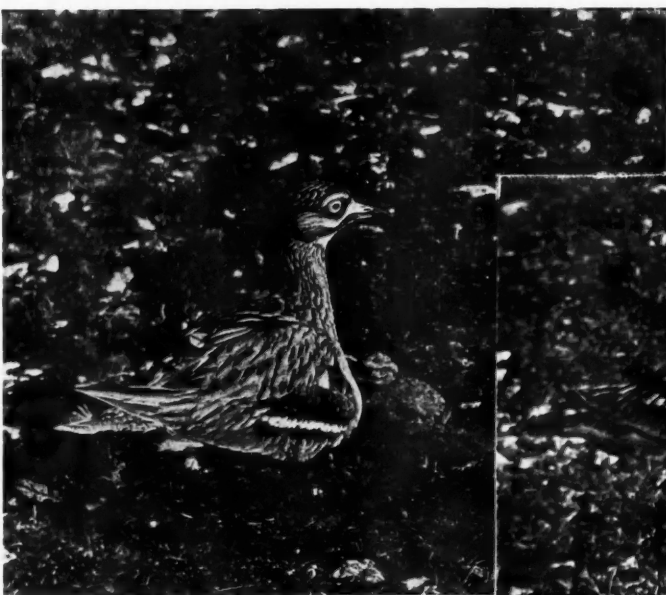
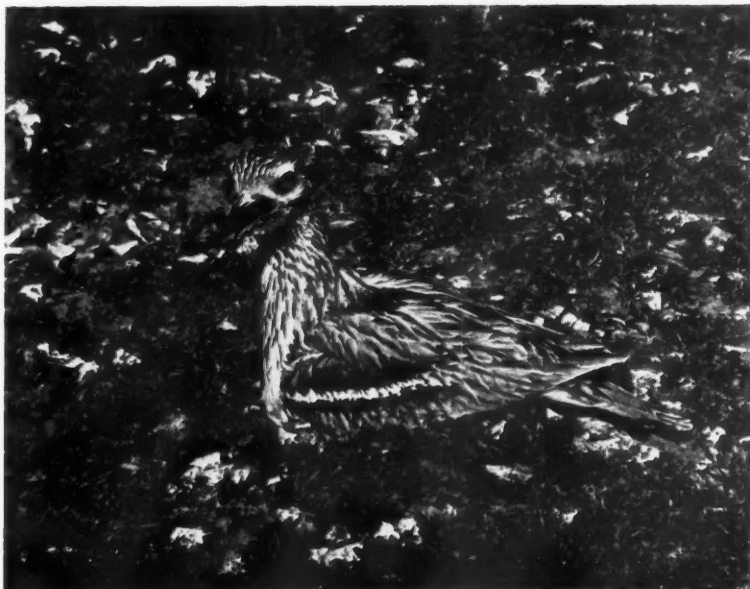
THE RITUAL OF THE STONE CURLEW

By F. GIBSON PHILLIPS

(Right)—This pair of birds laid their eggs among the stones on the crest of a high open down. The cock, after several hours' patient work incubating the eggs, has become restless. Sitting on the nest in a hot sun is a tiring business, so, throwing back his head, he calls to the hen to come and relieve him.

(Below, left)—The hen hears and makes a stealthy and circumspect approach, taking great care not to divulge the position of the eggs by her movements. In spite of his previous impatience, the cock seems in no hurry to move, so she stands near and waits for him to rise.

(Below, right)—The change-over. The cock slowly gets up, while the hen moves in behind him. This exchange of duty amounts almost to a ritual, and throughout each shows great courtesy to the other. With much bowing and hissing, the hen takes her place, the cock waiting till she is well settled before leaving.



(Left)—At last the eggs have hatched. The youngsters, weak and bedraggled, shelter under their parents' wings. Here they quickly dry and, gaining strength, are soon venturing out into the warm air and sunlight. Two hours after leaving the egg, they are ready to move further afield.



(Right)—The cock retreats a few paces and, turning round, calls them to him with a low, coaxing note. Although the distance is little more than a foot, it is an effort for the chicks to cross it, but the insistence of his calls soon brings them scrambling over the stones. Thus, by stages, they move from the nest.

HORSE-LORE OF FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

"IN BRITAIN, NOW CALLED ENGLAND, THEY GO MORE GENTLY THAN OTHERS"

Translated from the Latin by COUNTESS NORA WYDENBRUCK

WHAT Horace Walpole was to the eighteenth century, Eneas Silvius Piccolomini, later Pope Pius II, can be said to have been to the Quattrocento. Much of our knowledge of the manners and customs of the fifteenth century we owe to that indefatigable letter-writer, who was one of the most learned humanistic scholars and one of the most widely travelled men of his time.

Born in 1405 of a noble but impoverished family, Eneas became, at the age of eighteen, a brilliant scholar of the classics, and then embarked on his astounding career. He became secretary to several cardinals in turn, took part in the Council of Basle, travelled to England and Scotland on a diplomatic mission, became Papal Secretary on the election of Felix VI, met the Emperor Frederic III at Frankfort and became his private secretary; in 1446 he took holy orders, became Bishop of Siena, later Prince of the Empire and Cardinal, and finally, in 1458, Pope. He preached a crusade against the Turks, who had captured Constantinople in 1453, and set out to Venice to lead it in person. There a fever overtook him, and he died in 1464.

It has been my good fortune to light upon a letter written by Eneas to his friend, Wilhelm von Stein, dated Vienna, July 4th, 1444, which is no more nor less than an extensive treatise on horse-breeding. The original numbers over 10,000 words and contains numberless quotations from Virgil, Albertus Magnus, and Aristotle. Strangely enough, it has not been translated into any modern language.

We must remember that the opening sentence was written before the discovery of America.

"Horses are born in every part of the world. Yet above all others Cappadocia is the nursery of horses, also the province of Pontus, the neighbouring country of Armenia and the lands of many scattered tribes in Asia. Great horses are born in Syria, in Apulia likewise. Africa and Spain provide swift runners, Epirus strong mares. Near Olixopona, which is a strong city of the Portuguese, the fertility of mares is marvellous, for they are believed to conceive by breathing the West Wind. In Britain, which is now called England, horses are produced which we name amblers (*gradarios*), because they go more gently than others, with an ambling gait. The Scots also use amblers, but these are all geldings. Horses are likewise held in great esteem with the Russians, but they never use stallions on the battlefield, because the mares can relieve their bladders in full flight. A great number of horses come from Poland, but these are neither very swift nor very durable. The horses we find in Germany are mediocre but extremely enduring in hard work. In France round the sea-coast they breed very small horses, which are full of spirit. Flanders and the district round the mouth of the Rhine nurtures the largest horses, but these are inert and stupid. The Sicilian horse is both large and robust. Egyptians and Indians use donkeys far more frequently than horses.

"There are great herds on the plains which continually renew the supply when the domesticated horses become scarce. As it is from these herds that the race originates, we must study conditions there first. We cannot expect to have an excellent horse if we do not consider the important part his breeding plays. The herdsmen take every care, when the breeding-season begins,

to fatten the stallion they have chosen to mate; they offer him flowering grasses, take him to the stream and watch that he shall neither lack rich food nor gentle exercise. On the other hand, they do their best to thin down the mares, and when they notice that they are in season, they deny them foliage, keep them away from streams and tire them out by running in the sun, so that too great luxury should not make them indifferent.

"Once they are mated, there is no need to look after either the sires or the dams; but when the mares are in foal, they must not draw carts, leap over the road, gallop across the fields or swim rushing rivers, but should be left without work to graze peacefully on pastures near an abundant stream.

"You must not take stallions of bad repute or aged ones as sires. Yet stallions in their twentieth year may still be used to sire foals if they are of the breed of the Apulians, for those have a greater longevity and still become sires in their thirty-third year. Among horses the males reach a greater age. We read of a stallion who lived for seventy years, and was still fitted for the labours of Venus at fifty. Desire is extinguished in Mares by cutting their manes." (This superstition may perhaps be traced back to Xenophon, who says in his treatise "On Horsemanship": "The mane, forelock and tail are gifts of the gods, bestowed on the horse for beauty. A proof is that brood-mares, as long as their hair is flowing, are not so apt to admit asses, whence all breeders of mules cut off the hair from their mares preparatory to covering." Translation by Morris M. Morgan. Trans. note.)

"We employ swift horses for warfare, for their fleetness is necessary, both when we flee from our enemies or when we pursue them. I personally prefer travellers to warriors, therefore



ENEAS SILVIUS GOES TO THE COUNCIL OF BASLE
From the fresco by Pinturicchio in the Cathedral of Siena

you must take what you like from the following.

"The stables must be clean, therefore boards should be laid under the horses and perforated, to prevent any remnants of urine putrefying. At night a layer of straw should be spread under the horse, and dung, which is more copious in very cold and very hot weather, must be removed. No opening should be allowed in the stable in such wise that the rays of the moon can fall on the body of the horse, and especially if the horse be sick, all ventilations must be stopped up in winter, though they may remain open in summer. Mangy horses or those afflicted with the itch must not be kept together with healthy ones. The mangers should be neither too high nor too low, but it is better for them to err on the high side. Always place a barrier between the horses to prevent them from biting or kicking each other. Do not allow the grooms to play with the horses and to tease them, for horses get into the habit of biting and kicking out of playfulness.

"Too much rest and quiet is bad for horses, and produces not only torpor, but various actual ailments. For that reason they must be exercised and trained to jump and race. Choose light saddles and soft bits; even when the horse disregards it, the bit should not be so harsh as to worry it. The most important things in which horses should be trained are that they can be restrained with great ease when they run, and also that they should be flexible on either hand. All horsemen should practise this.

"The food of horses should be hard and not of the kind that produces wind, thus oats and wheat may be given at times, barley however only in a case of emergency. Peas, beans, etc. are believed to produce wind and should be given to horses only in the rarest cases.

"The horses' heads are apt to grow thin and dry out if they are frequently washed in cold water before their seventh year. If you want your horse's neck to become thick and his mane to grow well, moisten it often with warm water. Frequently rub the shoulders and the mane near the head with your fingers. Take care that the horses do not drink too much clear water, for such water is subtle and penetrates to the innermost bowels and cools them too much. Give them turgid water to drink. Do not send the horses to drink at the trough in winter, and especially not when the water is frozen. For when the knees take cold, the nerves are overcome with stupor, and sometimes the horses can even be wounded by the ice.

"When you come home from work, take care that the horses do not drink immediately; let them rest a little while and nibble some straw or hay, and do not feed them just after they have drunk, but offer them little by little, three or four times, a few rough grains; when they have taken these, the worst pangs of hunger will have been assuaged and they will masticate their food properly. If you find difficulty in making the horse take grain, then moisten it.

"The ancients say that we must consider four points in horses: shape, beauty, merit and colour.

"As regards shape, we require the body to be strong and solid, the height in proportion to the breadth, the flanks long and drawn up, the entire body covered with strong, dry muscles, equal from the knee to the hoof without any projecting knots, tumours or weak lesions. The foot should be dry, the horn concave and solid, so that neither a flat nor a rough surface should touch its roundness; the hollow horn should avoid the soil in all places. It conduces to beauty that the head be slender, the bones firm, the forehead projecting, the nostrils wide open; the horse must not fear to immerse them in water while drinking. The neck should be erect, the mane and tail thick. Virgil says briefly:

'Thick is his mane, and tossed up, it falls to the right on his shoulder,

Double the ridge that runs down by his loins. . . .'

Geor. III, 86-87. Trans. A. F. Murison.)



HE SOLEMNISES AN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE AT SIENA

It is considered base to inspect the anus, but in this case it is of no base usefulness. We must also observe the motion of the belly and that the windpipe be open. We recognise the merit of a horse when it is brave-hearted, fleet-footed, and its members tremulous, which is a sign of strength. Try out whether it be easily roused from its rest and easily quieted when greatly excited. We can recognise the movement of a horse by its ears, its virtue by its members.

"Now let us go on to the colours, of which especially be noted bay, which is sometimes golden, sometimes rosy; myrtle; *cervinus* or stag-colour; honey-colour; light grey; dappled; *candidus* or snow-white; and *albus* or white; spotted; black. Ash-grey is said to be the worst.

"The ancients called a bay horse a gay horse, for among all others he would advance most gaily." (A pun on *badius* or *vadius* and *vado*.—Trans. note.) "The chestnut (*spadix*) has its name from the colour of the date-palm. The blue-grey horses have eyes that look as though they were painted, filled with radiance. The yellow or honey-coloured horse is of an off-white colour. A spotted horse is one whose skin is white with intervening black spots. The difference between white and snow-white is that we call any horse of a pale shade white, while the true snow-white is quite radiant and pure. The grey is a mixture of white and black, the dappled horse has white circles mixed among purplish hairs. We call 'varius' (wall-eyed) a horse with unequal eyes, the stag-colour is also called *gauranus*." (Perhaps from Gaurus, a mountain in Campania.—Trans. note.)

"Horses with white feet are supposed to be unruly. A white star on the forehead is a good sign. Virgil briefly says this of the colours: 'Good horses both are the bay and the grey, while the worst are the white and the dun ones.' (*Geor. III, 81.*)"

As an equine historical document, I think the importance and interest of this letter will be generally recognised. I have not attempted to comment on it, since annotations could well take up as much space as the extracts I have quoted.

CORRESPONDENCE

ST. PAUL'S IN 1870

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—*A propos* your recent article on the City Churches, I thought you might like to reproduce this old photograph of St. Paul's from Southwark Bridge, about 1870, by permission of Bull Wharf, Ltd. It is of unusual interest, showing, as it does, the Cathedral from end to end, and nine of Wren's steeples, two of which have been demolished many years. Also, of the buildings along the water-front, only one remains to-day, and that has been heightened by the addition of an extra storey. It is the first large building on the right (Bull Wharf), and next to it you will notice a tree which shaded a beer-garden, while above it rises the graceful steeple of St. Michael Queenhythe, destroyed in 1876. The spire on the extreme right is that of St. Mildred, Bread Street, while in the distance between them, near to St. Michael's, is St. Vedast, barely discernible. Moving west, we come to St. Augustine, by the east end of St. Paul's, while in front of the latter are St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish Street, pulled down in 1886 after a fire, and St. Mary Somerset, the tower of which, with its cluster of pinnacles, is all that now remains. To the left is St. Martin Ludgate (very faint), and beyond the tall chimney, St. Benet Paul's Wharf, since 1879 the Metropolitan Welsh Church. This fine view now has entirely vanished, huge warehouses blotting out most of St. Paul's and many of the churches that remain.—GERALD COBB.

MIXED WEATHER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It is giving nothing away to the Germans to say that at the present time of year we are liable to have almost anything in the way of weather in this country; and the amazing mixtures we get have inspired some amusing descriptions. One of these I remember seeing in an hotel visitors' book, quoted I think from the original in the Scottish Mountaineering Club's Journal. It went thus, as nearly as I can recall:

"First it rained, and then it snow;
Next it frizz, and then it thaw;
And after that it hailed, and then
It rained, and frizz, and thaw again."

For many years I have considered the foregoing verse to be original, and perhaps it was; but I recently came across an old West of England weather-saying, which is so much in the same strain that I feel the writer of the later clever verse may have had some knowledge of the older version in his mind. Here it is:

"Virst er rained, thin er bloared;
Thin er hailed, thin er snoared;
Thin thir cum a sho'er o' rain;
Thin er froze an' bloared agin."

There is just one thing wanting about these verses: they have both missed out fog.—JAMES COWAN.

FOUR FOXES IN A TREE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In your issue of February 8, Lady Apsley draws attention to the undoubted fact that "the fox is the finest and cheapest ratter and mouser in existence." I agree, and I have always understood that the rat is more to the taste of a fox than anything you can offer him. That is the reason why (as I pointed out in my *Elements of Hunting*) so many foxes are to be found on the marshes, in withy beds, and on the banks of muddy streams.



HOW ST. PAUL'S SHOWED ABOVE THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS IN 1870

Nobody can say what damage snails and slugs do to growing crops, and while it may not amount to such a staggering amount as that done by rats and mice, it must surely be very great indeed.

The fox, let it be said, is a great eater of these pests, and such being the case I add my support to Lady Apsley's contention in regard to the folly of exterminating the fox, with a warning note that he should not be allowed to multiply unchecked. What after all is the annual loss of poultry which is put to the account of the fox when compared with the good he does by the destruction of the vermin referred to?

What is the staple diet of the fox if it is not these rats, mice, slugs and snails? He certainly does not keep himself and his family on bird-life alone, and the lambs which he eats are comparatively few.—R. S. SUMMERHAYS, *Public Schools Club, Piccadilly, W.1.*

BREEDING DOGS FOR SHOW POINTS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I hope you will excuse a letter of criticism from one who has been a regular reader of *COUNTRY LIFE* for many years.

In a recent issue you devoted two pages to an article on the Bedlington terrier. I wonder how many people who read your paper are really interested in these hideous artificial animals. I do not refer, of course, only to the particular dogs mentioned in your article. What distresses me is the whole question of inbreeding for silly show points, instead of for a utility purpose. Dogs of this kind are generally ruined. For instance, ability to work sheep has been lost in the show collie. Sheep farmers and shepherds have no use for them. In fact, I question whether sporting qualities in terriers are inherited when these qualities are given no consideration by their breeders. Theories as to their origin are valueless, when types can be changed in a few years. The affinity in blood between the Dandie Dinmont and Bedlington terriers is no longer apparent in their appearance, and I

feel sure that neither now has the qualities of the original breed. The Dandie is now as useless as the modern "Scottie" of a certain type from a sporting point of view.

I am not a dog breeder but an animal painter, and it is as such that I regret to see the results of "selective" breeding as it is called. The following quotation from *Animal and Bird Painting*, by Charles Simpson, R.I., published about three years ago, is very apt: "The dog painter, especially if he is a portraitist, must paint all sorts, but often his case is similar to that of a figure painter compelled to paint female beauty always groomed by Hollywood. It is a small consolation to know that a natural dog is there under its make-up, as it is to believe the film star really human, disguised as she may be under an eccentric coiffure and false eyelashes. In one way an artificial ideal, the stamping of a breed with its more grotesque tendencies has led to a great variety of dogs," etc. Grotesque is a good word, and it can certainly be applied to the Bedlingtons I take exception to.

By all means, let us have photographs of, and articles on, dogs—real dogs!—J. MURRAY THOMSON.

[We have submitted this letter to the writer of the article in question. He writes: "Mr. Murray Thomson is, of course, entitled to hold his own views about the manner in which Bedlington and other terriers are trimmed after a certain fashion. The style of the coat, however, has nothing to do with the character of the animal. Bedlingtons are just as useful in sport as ever they were, being able to hunt rabbits or kill the vermin that is usually regarded as the prey of the terrier tribe. No one who has had actual experience of Dandie Dinmonts will agree with his strictures, which are not justified. A few breeds have been spoilt by exhibiting because they have got into the hands of breeders who are not interested in their working properties. That is to be regretted. One of the most eccentric-looking members of the dog family is the Afghan hound, which, however, is as he has been made by the sporting sirdars of Afghanistan, whose only object in keeping him is to use him in coursing certain wild animals."—Ed.]

A TAME DEER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—You may like to see this photograph, taken by Lord Bledisloe in the deer park at Lydney, Gloucestershire. It shows Lady Bledisloe feeding her tame fallow deer Tess. *Inter alia* I might mention that Lady Bledisloe is President for Gloucestershire of the Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and Lydney Park is now occupied by the North Foreland Girls' School, from Broadstairs, Lord and Lady Bledisloe living at their dower house near by. Lord Bledisloe is, among other things, President of the Gloucestershire Home Food Production Society, which promotes allotment-holding and has sponsored already more than a hundred and ten village food production clubs.—S.

A COCK PHEASANT'S CROP

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The late Aymer Maxwell in his *Pheasants and Covert Shooting* records 726 wireworms, 1 acorn, 1 snail, 9 holly berries, 3 grains of wheat in one crop, and mentions 1,200 in another. Mr. J. G. Millais also mentions a crop containing 400 grubs of the crane fly. There is no doubt that the pheasant in spring and especially on ploughed-up grasslands sown with corn is a very considerable benefactor.—M. PORTAL, *Holywell, Swanmore, Southampton.*



LADY BLEDISLOE FEEDING HER TAME DEER TESS AT LYDNEY PARK

CHARCOAL PRODUCTION

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—By way of contrast with the photograph accompanying Lieutenant-Colonel Julian's letter published in your issue of December 7 last and showing the pit method of producing charcoal, here is one showing a modern kiln in use in the Lake District. Judging by the amount of smoke, this kiln had only recently been "lit" when the photograph was taken.—W. A. CHISLETT, *Barrow-in-Furness*.

XVth CENTURY IMITATIONS

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—Mr. Horsburgh's letter in your issue of January 18 on Cornish Fonts recalls a few imitations of earlier work by fifteenth-century craftsmen in other materials. At least four binders of the period used tools which are either twelfth-century originals or very close copies; one certainly worked at Oxford, another perhaps at London, and a third at or for the Carthusian monastery of Castrum Mariae at Wedderen, near Dulmen in Westphalia. The bindings of the fourth bear the name of Ambrosius Keller, the Augsburg printer and binder, who is known to have been in business from about 1470 till after 1500. At that time there was a strong archaising movement in Augsburg, the script and goldsmiths' work of the twelfth century being also imitated there.—GEOFFREY D. HOBSON, *London, W.1*.

CURIOUS CANNONS OF THE XVIIIth CENTURY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Six "Fenny Poppers," the body very like quaint pots, kept in the porch of Fenny Stratford Church, Bucks, are shown in the photograph I send you. They are brought out every St. Martin's Day (November 11) and are fired. The builder of the church left money for a service to be held and a special sermon preached on that day each year with a dinner to follow. The hole in the bases of some of the cannonades just shows in the photograph.—W.

THE ROCK CHAPELS OF WARKWORTH AND KNARESBOROUGH

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—As the caves at Dover, Portnockie (Banffshire), and other places are being used as air-raid shelters just now, I thought you might care to see these photographs which show a couple of artificial rock-chambers hewn out centuries ago and used as "retreats."

One is St. Robert's Chapel—a very small chamber hollowed out of the magnesian limestone

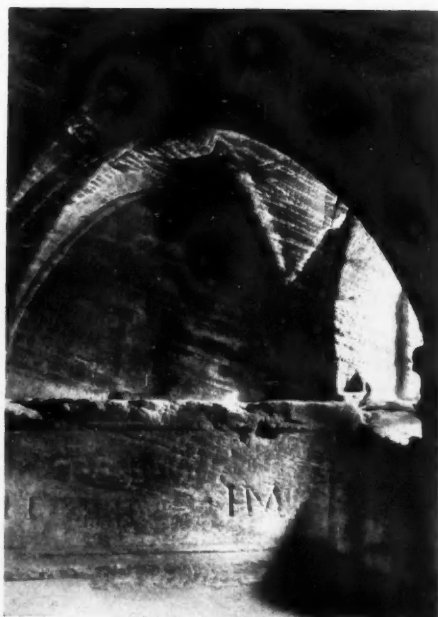


A MODERN CHARCOAL KILN IN USE IN THE LAKE DISTRICT



"FENNY POPPERS," THE CANNONS OF FENNY STRATFORD

which forms the precipitous crag overlooking the River Nidd at Knaresborough. The entrance is "guarded" by the figure of a Knight Templar in the act of drawing his sword. This life-size effigy



THE INTERIOR OF WARKWORTH HERMITAGE

(left) THE WAY UP TO BERTRAM OF BOTHAL'S CAVE HERMITAGE AT WARKWORTH, NORTHUMBERLAND

(right) THE ENTRANCE OF ST. ROBERT'S CAVE CHAPEL OVERLOOKING THE NIDD AT KNARESBOROUGH

is re-painted in bold colours every year by the owner of the property; the cave-chapel is considerably older than its guardian, however, and was visited by King John in 1199.

The interior measures 10ft. 6ins. by 9ft., and its architecture is distinctly Norman. It is equipped with altar, holy-water stoups and curious mural decorations, and has recently been taken over by the Roman Catholics of Knaresborough, who have set up on the altar a Madonna and Child bearing the title "Our Lady of the Crag."

The rock-chapel at Warkworth, Northumberland, is part of a hermitage comprising several chambers and traditionally fashioned out of the rock which rises sheer from the north bank of the River Coquet by Bertram of Bothal.

A flight of stone steps leads to the entrance porch of the chapel, which has a stone seat on each side and a sacred figure-carving over head. For such a miniature sanctuary—the chapel measures 7ft. 6ins. by 20ft. 6ins.—the architecture is surprisingly impressive, with its vaulted roof, rock-hewn altar and arched window.

The reclining figure of a woman occupies the window-sill, and it is this figure which (along with other so-called evidence) has given credence to Thomas Percy's ballad, *The Hermit of Warkworth*. The ballad describes how Bertram, having killed his sweetheart by mistake, renounced the world and came to live in this secluded spot. Actually, the chapel seems to have been founded during the fourteenth century by a group of men who enjoyed the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland.—G. B. WOOD, *Leeds*.

A WEATHER RHYME

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Among some old papers the other day I found these lines written out in pencil, but when and by whom I have

no idea:

"Quoth Mars unto Avril,
I see three days upon the hill—
The first it shall be wind and weet,
The second shall be snow and sleet,
The third shall come with sic a freeze
As'll gar the birds' nebs slick to the trees."

Rhyming weather forecasts are common enough, but this, prophesying three days of unseasonable severity, is new to me. It sounds as if it had some reference to the three cold May days, dedicated by tradition to the Ice Saints. But one does not quite see why March should warn April of their approach. I wonder if any reader of COUNTRY LIFE can offer any explanation of them.—ALFRED COCHRANE.



FARMING NOTES

NOW IS THE TIME

WHAT is done or left undone in the next few weeks may make the difference between plenty of food and short commons for everyone in this country next winter. Spring is the time of opportunity, and opportunity does not knock twice. No hectic scramblings to catch up in May and June will repair opportunities lost in March and April.

The urgency of farm work during the next few weeks is almost terrifying. So much depends on the success of this year's harvest. The weather is always the farmer's master to some extent, but we can be ready and waiting to seize every possible occasion to get on to the land and press ahead with the work. On all sides it is agreed that early sown spring corn usually does better than late-sown. Oats which go into the ground in early March stand a better chance of establishing a full crop than oats which do not get started until late April. Last season was an exceptional one. Nature gave the British farmer a great boon by decreeing that late-sown spring corn should have extraordinarily favourable weather, and, outside East Anglia, the spring crops, even those scrambled into newly broken ground in April came through well.

We cannot count on another season like 1940. Every opportunity must be taken to prepare the land thoroughly and get the seed drilled as early as possible. There is something ironic about such advice when the rain is blowing over the hill in gusts and the ground is too sodden to make ploughing possible. Never mind; March, if she lives up to her reputation, will soon dry the ground and provide opportunities to press ahead.

In addition to the cultivation of an extra 4,000,000 acres in Great Britain this year compared with our cropping programme of two years ago—and that is a stupendous task in itself—we have to wring the utmost production from all our land, including the old arable and the grassland which remains. Mr. Hudson has spoken about getting an extra 5 per cent. output from the existing arable land. This is modest enough. We ought to be aiming at least as high as 10 per cent. and in many districts where low farming and ranching has been the rule, an extra 25 per cent. This season the farmer needs to hitch his wagon to a star. If eight sacks to the acre is the average yield of wheat on the farm, the aim this year ought to be ten sacks. There is nothing fantastic about this. Nature may over-rule our best endeavours, but the plain fact is that most farmers in this country were not farming for maximum yields.

Look round your own district and think of the standard which rules generally and then of the one or two outstanding farms where the land is farmed up to the hilt. Probe further and you will find sure enough that the outstanding farms are in the hands of men who are doing the job just a little bit better than their neighbours. A good farm is soon let down by an indifferent tenant, and a live man can soon pull up a poor farm to a surprisingly high level of output. There is no secret to-day about the methods which the live man employs. The leading farmers in each district are ready enough to tell everyone what they do, what has answered with them and what has been disappointing. A week or two ago I went to a food-production conference in a county town where some of the best farmers told their neighbours—700 of them gathered there—how they found they could get on best with the job of food production in war-time. Such conferences for an exchange of opinions by practical men are most valuable. They ought to be held in every county. Farmers listen to advice most readily from their fellows whom they recognise as successful farmers.

Two or three points stand out. Every field of autumn wheat ought to have a top-dressing of nitrogen in the spring. One and a half hundredweights of sulphate of ammonia is the prescription, applied now, as soon as the ground is fit, to a weak-looking plant, and delayed to April where the wheat has come through the winter strongly. This should be made the general rule. Why should not the war agricultural committees serve directions on every farmer to apply 1½ cwt. of sulphate of ammonia to winter wheat?

Spring oats should be dressed with a mercurial dressing before sowing. The losses from leaf stripe and other fungus diseases are especially serious in the north and Wales, and they can be saved or greatly reduced by dressing the seed with this form of disinfectant before sowing. The fungus spores are carried by the seed, and no amount of spraying or other after-treatment will defeat them once they are established.

Another point, stressed strongly at this conference, is the value of an early bite of spring grass, which can be got by giving likely pastures a dose of nitrogen in late February or early March. One and a half hundredweights of sulphate of ammonia was again the prescription. A likely field is one with a good sward and some shelter, so that the herbage can respond to the stimulus to start growth a fortnight before Nature would otherwise decree. The shortening of the winter feeding period

by a fortnight will be a godsend on many dairy farms where supplies of feeding-stuffs are running low. But time must be taken by the forelock. Lamentations in April will not make the grass grow a day earlier. Now is the time.

Agriculture has its Jeremiahs. One whose lamentations are heard again in the newspapers is Mr. A. P. McDougall, the auctioneer from Banbury. He tells us that really we have achieved very little in the war effort so far—an increase in food production of only 1½ per cent.—nothing worth mentioning. The land is still not pulling its weight. Only 1,000 bad farmers have been dispossessed. We have not yet got all the machinery we ought to have. We are not using nearly enough nitrogen to stimulate crop growth—and so on. Mr. McDougall cheered us on in the same happy way last spring. I cannot help wishing that he would work off his spleen on some of the intractable land close at hand in Oxfordshire, instead of preaching to men who have done and are doing a good job of work despite all the difficulties, and who are determined to do even better this year.

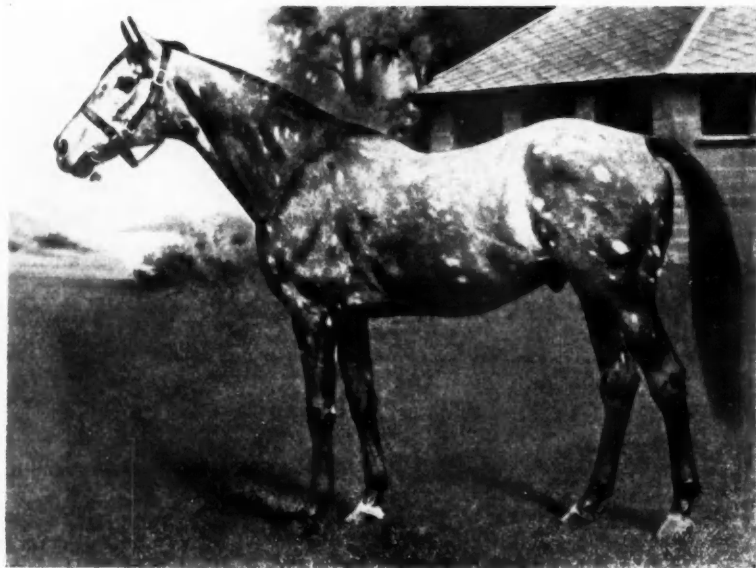
To-day the top price which a farmer can charge for eggs is 2s. 6d. a dozen. It may be less by the time these Notes appear in print. Yet eggs are as precious to the housewife as gold. A weekly ration of four or at most six for the household is snapped up and one's friends keep asking if they can have eggs to put down this spring. The way things are going it seems doubtful if there will be anything like the usual spring flush of eggs next month. On many farms the birds are going short of food, and, although this is the time of natural production, hens cannot make eggs out of water and air. They need a decent ration of mash and wheat. If the poultry industry is to be exterminated altogether, because hens eat wheat, the spring is a peculiarly foolish time to set about the business. Hens which have been kept on more or less adequate rations through the winter are just on the point of giving a return in eggs. If their necks are wrung now, all the food they have eaten in the winter is wasted. Surely it is common sense to allow hens a proper ration until the end of April, and then, if needs be, cut the ration of feeding-stuffs allowed them.

CINCINNATUS.

The price of The Labouring Earth (Heath Cranton, 10s. 6d.) was incorrectly given as 15s. 6d. in a review in the issue of February 15.

THE GREY THOROUGHBRED

THERE is a peculiar fascination about a grey racehorse that is denied to his brothers and sisters of any other colour, and this fascination becomes the more fascinating when a few facts are known concerning this greyness and its transmission from generation to generation. In the first place, greyness is not a true colour, but, as was proved by the late Mr. J. B. Robertson, is a lack of colour due to an inhibitory factor carried by one or other of the parents which prevents the passage of colour or pigment into the lumen of the hair cells; the pigment is there in abundance, as can be seen by examining the skin of a grey horse, but is stopped from entering the hairs, and the older the horse gets the more active the inhibitory factor becomes, so that from being, perhaps, a dark dapple grey or brown as a foal, he becomes almost, if not



THE TETRARCH. 1911

He descends from Alcock's Arabian of two hundred years earlier, directly through twenty ancestors in a pedigree of 1,048,576 names

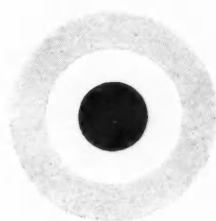
entirely, white, sometimes even, as in the case of Mahmoud, before he leaves the racecourse.

If this transmission of the inhibitory factor is understood, it follows automatically that, as the late Mr. C. M. Prior proved and Lady Wentworth has gone to a deal of trouble to illustrate in her forthcoming book, to be grey every grey horse has to have at least one grey parent. How the first grey became the possessor of his hue or the lack of it must ever remain a problem; the fact remains that every grey horse, either entered in the General Stud Book or racing to-day, descends in a continuous line of greys from Alcock's Arabian, an Arab horse who was foaled about 1704 and was imported into this country *via* Constantinople to become the property of many owners, including Sir Robert Sutton, Mr. Alcock, and the Duke of Ancaster.

What you can do in the **RAF**



Flying Duties. The R.A.F. wants keen, fit men between the ages of 17½-32 to volunteer for flying duties. Even if you have registered, you can still volunteer. Maximum ages—for pilots 30, for air observers or wireless operator/air gunners 32.



If you need coaching to the standard of education required for flying duties, are aged 17½-31, and are in other respects suitable, tuition will be provided for you near your own home, at the expense of the Air Ministry. Service training does not begin until 18.



Flight Mechanics. Skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen are needed to maintain and repair air frames, engines, armament and equipment. There are also vacancies for unreserved men who are mechanically minded, handy with tools and willing to be trained.



A.T.C. Those who are between 16-18 and, therefore, still too young for flying duties, should enrol in the Air Training Corps. Having thus obtained valuable preliminary experience they will be able to enrol in the R.A.F. at 17½. Squadrons are being formed in schools, universities and in chief towns.



W.A.A.F. The W.A.A.F. wants women keen to help in the great work of the flying men of the R.A.F. If you have had experience as a Secretary, Typist, Shop Assistant, or Cook, you can be readily trained for important duties.

For fuller information about any of the above duties, apply to the R.A.F. Section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange). If you cannot call, write today for details.

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send me latest details of:—

Flying Duties ☐ NAME
Free tuition scheme ☐ ADDRESS
Flight Mechanics ☐
A.T.C. ☐
W.A.A.F. ☐

X against the one in which you are interested.

Insurance in War Time

At a time when danger unprecedented stands on every threshold, there may well be many for whom the ordinary hazards of our pre-war business and domestic lives have lost significance. It is well to remember, however, that these continue and may be sharpened even by present conditions.

After 220 years of continuous endeavour the Royal Exchange Assurance is maintaining in every way possible its normal Service of Insurance.



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*"That's quite
all right it's
Sportex"*

"SPORTEx" never loses its poise in the hurly-burly of present-day existence. For it is a cunningly-made fabric, specially woven to withstand shock tactics in town and country. It has surprising strength. It has a luxurious peace-time look and texture and an ability to wear and wear which measures up to your war budget. Good tailors have "Sportex" patterns for men and women.

Scotland's hardest wearing cloth

Considering his importance, there is surprisingly little recorded about this horse, but, though it seems almost unbelievable, he connects up with the 1936 Derby winner Mahmoud, who is now at stud in America, through a direct line of twenty-two grey ancestors from among 4,194,304 in a pedigree containing 8,388,606 names.

To prove this, and when stated in cold print it seems to need it, a run back from the one to the other is justifiable, and it reads: Mahmoud, 1933 (grey); his dam, Mah Mahal, 1928 (grey); Mah Mahal's dam, Mumtaz Mahal, 1921 (grey); her sire, The Tetrarch, 1911 (grey); his sire, Roi Hérode, 1904 (grey); Roi Hérode's sire and grandsire, Le Samaritain and Le Sancy, 1895 and 1884 (greys); Le Sancy's dam, Gem of Gems, 1873 (grey); her sire, Strathconan, 1863 (grey); his dam, Souvenir, 1856 (grey); Souvenir's sire, Chanticleer, 1843 (grey); his dam, Whim, 1832 (grey); Whim's sire and grandsire, Drone and Master Robert, 1832 and 1823 (greys); Master Robert's dam, grandam and great-grandam, Spinster, Sir Peter mare and Bab, 1805, 1797, and 1787 (greys); Bab's dam, Speranza, 1778 (grey); Speranza's dam, grandam and great-grandam, Virago, the Regulus mare and a sister to Black and White, 1764, 1757 and 1750 (greys); the sister to Black and White's sire, Crab, 1722 (grey) and his sire, Alcock's Arabian (grey).

This is an ample sufficiency of scientific and statistical information, and a turn-over can be made to a lighter side to note the prowess of the greys upon the racecourse. Almost as prominent as was The Tetrarch in later years, the first grey of note was Gimcrack,



ALCOCK'S ARABIAN

The direct ancestor of all greys, either entered in the *General Stud Book* or racing to-day

who was foaled in 1760 and was described by Lady Sarah Bunbury as "the sweetest little horse that ever was." Standing but fourteen hands high, he must indeed have been a veritable *multum in parvo*, as he ran until he was seven, won twenty-seven of the thirty-five races in which he took part, covered twenty-two and a half miles in an hour in France, and was, for those days, a very successful stallion whose name is perpetuated by the Gimcrack Club, which was founded, in 1767, in his honour.

His times were just prior to the introduction of the classics, and the first grey winner of one of these all-important events was Sir Thomas Gascoigne's Hollandaise, who beat a field of eight in the St. Leger of 1778. Three years later the grey Crop met with his only defeat as a three year old when Young Eclipse

1838, and very little more was heard of horses of this hue until 1856, when Warlock, who is described as a roan, won the St. Leger and the Great Ebor Handicap. Grey Leg, with victories in the City and Suburban and the Portland Plate in 1894, was the next of note, and then, after the importation of Roi Hérode, the greys took on a new lease of life and, besides the ever-famous The Tetrarch, there have been grey winners of the Two Thousand Guineas in Tetratema and Mr. Jinks; of the One Thousand Guineas in Tagalie and Taj Mah; of the Derby in Tagalie and Mahmoud, and of the St. Leger in Caligula. Seemingly the greys have now come back as fixtures; it is to be hoped they have, as, as has been shown, romance surrounds them, and that, in these days, is something to be thankful for.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

DEMAND EXCEEDING THE SUPPLY

SUBJECT to negotiations now in progress, it is probable that the more important properties now in the market, and for which dates of auction have been considered, will change hands without coming under the hammer. The demand far exceeds the supply, and, as one well known valuer expressed it a few days ago, "it seems as if owners have taken the advice of the Government in another connection, and have resolved to 'stay put.' We could do with ten times the property that we have at present for disposal, and be sure of finding a speedy market for it." This, of course, applies particularly to agricultural land, for which all classes of investors, including insurance companies, are now competing, and would-be tenants figure among the most active bidders at any auctions of that description of property.

ENQUIRY FOR FARMS

WHETHER the latter class of buyer (the tenant-farmer in ordinary conditions) will continue quite so keen may be doubted unless there is an immediate and satisfactory response to the request to keep enough skilled men available for farm work. The land girl, of proven worth in the existing emergency, cannot supersede the seasoned farm hand for the heavier, and indeed for some of the lighter, tasks which, despite the great variety of mechanical aids now available, must still be done by a combination of brain and brawn, such as the lifelong farm hand possesses. However, on a general view of the position and prospects of farming, the labour difficulty of the present exceptional period does not diminish the attractions of farms as an investment.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD FARMER

THERE is no secret that some quite efficient farmers do not welcome all the interference, for so they regard it, by county and other officials. In a good many instances, however, the suggestions of the county war agricultural executive committees have been adopted with advantage by tenant-farmers. Surprising figures have been published of farm tenancies ended pursuant to Defence Regulations on the ground that the holdings were not being properly tilled. Even with knowledge

of the inefficiency of some farmers, it may seem remarkable that the total number some weeks ago had risen to the high figure of within thirty-two of 1,000. The 968 thus terminated will convey a warning to others who do not conform to accepted ideals.

RETIREMENT OF A NOTED AGENT

AFTER nearly sixty years of estate agency, on some of the chief estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere, Mr. Christopher Clarke is retiring from practice. In 1882, after gaining experience on the Rutland and Lincoln property of Lord Aveland, Mr. Clarke became agent to Sir Gilbert Clayton East, in Berkshire, for a couple of years. Thence he moved to Yorkshire, to take the agency of Sir Charles Dodsworth's estate at Thornton Watlass. His assistant, Mr. John H. Simpson, succeeds him in that office, acting for the Dodsworth trustees. Among other appointments as agent of important properties Mr. Clarke held that of the late Sir Frederick Milbank's Thorp Perrow and Barningham estates, and that of the Newton House estate. Like other leading members of his profession, Mr. Christopher Clarke, who is a Fellow of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution (elected as long ago as the year 1890) and a Fellow of the Chartered Land Agents' Society, has always been ready to give others the benefit of his practical advice on property management, and he has written and spoken a good deal on this and all relevant subjects. He resides at Ripon, and we join his host of friends in wishing him all possible happiness in his new and well earned leisure.

540 SQUARE MILES ACQUIRED

RECENT transactions have brought the total acquisitions of agricultural land, by the War Office and the Air Ministry, since 1918, up to 540 square miles. Most of the 345,000 acres have been acquired in the last few years and months, but the earlier items in the acreage were negotiated as long ago as the close of the last war.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock announce the sale of Hammonds End, Harpenden, close to Harpenden golf course. The property comprises an attractive Georgian residence and a few acres

of land. Messrs. Mandley and Sparrow were associated in the sale.

Buckinghamshire farms, at Cheersley, near Thame, have been sold by Messrs. Burrows and Bradfield and Messrs. E. P. Messenger and Son. The freeholds were The Manor Farm, 222 acres, for £9,100, and Grove Farm, 197 acres, for £8,000.

Pyewipe Farm, 370 acres, at Redbourne, near Brigg, has been sold for £5,500.

Bournemouth sales, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, include Christowell, a freehold of over 2 acres, in Lindsay Road, Branksome Park, for £2,600. The gross assessment is £120 and the net rates (at 11s. 4d. in the £) are on £97. Other properties have been dealt with by the firm, in the auction room, in the last few days.

GROUND RENTS IN DEMAND

TAKING at random seventeen country auctions, aggregating nearly £70,000, certain facts are evident: the demand for farms, the continued comparatively high price of well-secured freehold ground rents, and the amount of small purchases of little weekly properties.

Lord Daresbury's executors, for whom Messrs. Herbert Johnson and Sons held a very successful auction at Warrington, disposed of every lot in their particulars of freehold ground rents of £822 a year. The total realisation exceeded £16,100. During the auction the proceedings were interrupted by the wailing of the sirens, but the eloquence of the auctioneer and the attractiveness of the investments kept the company to the business in hand, and, unlike Ulysses, the auctioneer had not to bind himself to his desk nor to stuff the ears of the bidders.

Sales in and around Maidenhead last year by Mr. Cyril Jones approximated to £142,000, and he let houses and other premises for aggregate rentals of £22,770 a year. One property, Baddow, at Pinkneys Green, made £11,000, and Fishery Cottage, at Bray, £5,000. The White House at Maidenhead Thicket realised £6,000.

Manor Farm, 267 acres at Sydenham Chinnor, Oxon, has been sold by Messrs. C. Brown and Co. to a client of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

ARBITER.

*"Every endeavour must be made to...
produce the greatest volume of food of
which this fertile island is capable..."*
Mr. Winston Churchill.

STILL MORE FOOD MUST BE GROWN FOR MAN AND BEAST

FARMERS AND FARM WORKERS!

You did great things last season. There is a still bigger job ahead. Put all you know into it.

The land is a vital war weapon. It's in *your* hands. It can beat the U-Boat and bomber.

You will not get anything like the quantities of imported feeding stuffs you used to get. Grow your own feeding stuffs. Make your farm as self-supporting as you can. Aim at record yields from every acre.

- ★ PLOUGH UP MORE AND MORE GRASSLAND . . .
- ★ GROW YOUR OWN FEEDING STUFFS FOR STOCK . . .
- ★ MAKE MORE SILAGE . . .
- ★ DRESS BOTH ARABLE AND GRASSLAND FOR BIGGER YIELDS . . .

A SELECTION OF HARDY FLOWERS

OLD AND NEW PERENNIALS THAT WILL ADD DISTINCTION TO THE BORDER

IT goes almost without saying that in these days the hardy flower border can scarcely claim the same recognition as in happier times. But it would be a mistake to neglect entirely a feature that has come to be universally regarded as the glory of most English gardens, or to suffer it to disappear in the general transformation of the garden into a factory for food production. The question of vegetable *versus* flower growing has already been thrashed out, and most of us have now arrived at a solution which admits of the greatest possible area being devoted to the production of vegetable crops sufficient to meet the needs of the household with possibly a small surplus for distribution, while maintaining as far as possible the original lay-out of hardy flowers, shrubs and trees—a solution with which even the authorities are in entire agreement.

Apart altogether from the urgent need of turning over as much ground as possible to food production, the necessity for economy in garden maintenance, combined with shortage of labour, has been more or less forced upon us by reduced incomes, and it is not unnatural that the herbaceous border should suffer in common with other ornamental features. Nevertheless, where borders of hardy flowers have been a feature of the garden in the past it would be a mistake to exercise such rigid economy that it led to their complete disappearance in the interests of vegetable growing. Generally speaking, it is false economy to transform small beds and herbaceous borders into areas for vegetables where other larger portions of ground exist. The resulting crops are seldom satisfactory and are unlikely to be as abundant as those to be obtained by preparing a piece of entirely new land. Even in these days there is need for flowers in our gardens, and what can better supply beauty and colour than the herbaceous border if properly planned and planted? To maintain it in reasonable condition, though perhaps reduced in size, should be the object of every gardener, and if additions of fresh plants can be made to replace exhausted material, so much the better. Most nurserymen are having a lean and difficult time at present, and no true garden lover would wish to see his nurserymen friends go under for the lack of a little support during the planting season.

A glance at the majority of flower borders is enough to reveal the fact that there are numbers of quite estimable plants which, for some reason or other, but most probably due to ignorance of their good points, have never found their way into the average border. As many of these are of outstanding garden value and in their own way unique, their absence in so many places is to be regretted. The early summer-flowering *Gillenia trifoliata*, which

makes a neat bushy plant about two feet high, adorned with star-shaped white blossoms from June onwards, is a case in point. It is a first-rate plant for the front line of the border. The same position suits those two excellent wild geraniums, *G. arvense* and *G. ibericum platyphyllum*, as well as their shorter cousin called *G. Endressii*, which continues to afford an attractive display of its rose pink flowers for months on end if the withered heads are regularly removed. There are not many who know and grow the yellow aconite, *A. lycoctonum*. Nevertheless, it is quite an excellent plant, well deserving of a place for its decorative effect in late summer. The handsome *Veratrum nigrum* is another stranger whose grand leafage alone entitles it to recognition, while *Crambe cordifolia* and *Lactuca Bourgaei* are two others of distinguished bearing that will hold their own in the most select company. Room might also be found for the blue pea, *Baptisia australis*, and the equally uncommon *Thermopsis fabacea*, sometimes known as *T. montana*, which adorns its leafy growths with upright spires of golden yellow laburnum-like blossoms.

Among recent introductions to the more favoured groups of hardy flowers, there are few more notable than *Chrysanthemum rubellum*, a first quality plant which is as good for cutting as it is for the border. To grow it as a companion to *Aster Frikartii* is to enjoy one of the most picturesque of incidents in the autumn border scene. Many of the Korean varieties of chrysanthemums are invaluable for a late display in company with some of the newer Michaelmas daisies like *Beechwood Challenger*, *Gayborder Supreme*, *Mammoth*, *Petunia*, *Moerheim Gem*, and *Herman Lons*, the two latter being recent additions to the *Amellus* set. One or two newcomers to the list of



A BORDER AT FORD CASTLE IN HIGH SUMMER
Delphiniums form the backbone of the display

varieties of *Chrysanthemum maximum*, such as *Everest*, *Esther Read* and *Horace Read*, are well worth having for cutting as well as for the border, and the same can be said of the *Echinacea* *The King* and *Rudbeckia Herbstonne*.

It is only within the last few years that the mulleins have come into favour for border planting, and a very useful group they are both for the middle and background. The primrose yellow *Gainsborough* is a lovely June plant and is charming when associated with the blue sheaves of *Achusa Morning Glory*. Of the same shade but double the height and of graceful habit comes *Verbascum Longsteri*, and even taller is the handsome *V. Chaixii*, with impressively grand candelabra of canary yellow flowers enhanced by an eye of maroon. The towering *V. Broussa* is another indispensable, valuable for its slender spires of silvery grey, while the new *Pink Domino* with branching four-foot high stems adorned with pink maroon-eyed flowers, will appeal to many.

No border is complete without delphiniums or lupins. There have been remarkable improvements in both races, and some of the latest acquisitions to the larkspurs like *Lady Eleanor*, *Blue Boy*, *Blue Bird*, *Blue Gown*, *Lorna*, and *Blue Spire*, should find a place in every well managed planting scheme. The same can be said of many of the named varieties of the Russell lupins as well as the named sorts of other strains such as *Rowena*, *Grenadier*, *Hades*, *Wistaria*, and *C. M. Prichard*. There have been hardly less notable developments among phlox and irises. Among the latter, *Aline*, *Blue Danube*, the yellow *Golden Hind*, and the pure white *Gudrun* are a quartet now within reach of everyone's pocket even in these days, that are too good to overlook.

The sea hollies (*tryngiums*) are valuable in any border for their picturesque silvery blue flower-heads, and the various *triglochs* for their dual season of flower. The yellow *Anthemion*, notably *Perry's Variety* and the newer *Sancti Johannis*, are admirable for the front line, where the two *Armerias* *Bee's Ruby* and *Vindictive*, the charming *Achillea clypeolata*, and numerous other grey-leaved things like *Stachys lanata*, *santolina*, *Anthemis Cupaniana*, *Veronica incarnata*, *Wendy*, and the various *Artemisias* should also find room. Without these massed in generous clumps at the edge, and supplemented by groups of bold-foliaged plants like the megaseas and funkias, a border loses much of its effect and charm.

G. C. TAYLOR,



DOUBLE BORDERS AT HASCOMBE COURT IN LATE SUMMER
The plants are used in bold groups for the sake of broad colour effects

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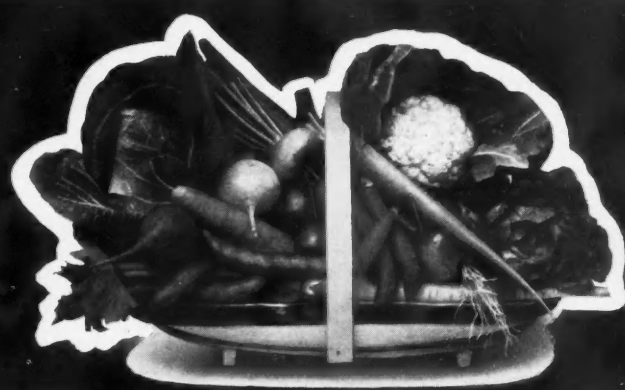


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PRODUCING EARLY VEGETABLES

The Cloche as an Aid to the Production of Vegetables and Salads

THE making of two blades of grass grow where one grew before is just as necessary in 1941 as it was in 1917. The nation must become more and more self-supporting. This means not only the digging over of large acreages, but increased production on land already available.

After all, if the garden that has been used for vegetable production for years and is therefore well tilled and in good heart can be made to produce twice as much as it did in pre-war days, it is considerably cheaper to do this than to take over a larger area which not only means extra labour, but also considerable time to put into proper condition.

The modern cloches are the only obvious medium for ensuring additional increased production. They are simple to handle and move about. They fit naturally into the normal scheme of lines and rows, and because they give adequate protection during frosty periods, they enable cropping to be started much earlier and to continue much later in the season.

There are still some who imagine that the term "cloches" is connected with the French system of market gardening. The old cloche, it is true, was a bell-jar, but the present-day type is nothing more than a well made glass tent which is employed to cover the plants where they are growing, giving them all the air they require automatically, and allowing the rain to flow down the sides into the ground, where the roots require it.

It has been said, with considerable truth, that more plants are lost each year in Great Britain through damp than frost. There are frosts, it is true, which damage tender vegetables like French beans, tomatoes, and New Zealand spinach. But one has only to see continuous cloches in action to realise the amount of frost they can, and do, keep out. No one would think of being foolhardy enough to sow tomato or marrow seed even under cloches in January, but tomato plants have, again and again, been raised successfully by sowing seed out of doors under cloches during the second week of April, and crops as heavy as eight and nine pounds per plant out of doors have resulted.

Marrows can also be sown early in April without any fear of their being injured, and the great advantage here is that the seed may be sown where the plants are to grow, and there is thus no root disturbance; it is undoubtedly the transplanting that reduces the crop in marrow production. That invaluable summer vegetable, New Zealand spinach, would undoubtedly be far more

grown if it was realised that it never goes to seed and can keep a household supplied for six months, even in dry weather. Under cloches the seed can be sown in April where the plants are to develop; the cropping period is thereby extended.

The writer had the most interesting results with new potatoes last year. The variety Ninety-fold was planted (the best Scotch seed) during the second week of February, after the tubers had been put to sprout in a frost-proof shed for three weeks. Cloches were then put into position at the same time as the tubers were put to sprout, with the result that the ground was in perfect condition for planting. Barn cloches were used to cover the rows, and an excellent crop resulted late in May. There is no doubt that the early production value of continuous cloches has never been sufficiently explored, and all gardeners will find it worth their while to do so in these days.

Those who appreciate French beans—and there is no doubt they are far more delicious and nutritious than runners—may make their first sowing under cloches at the end of March. By doing so a heavy crop will be produced early in June, and if successional sowings are made once every three weeks until the third week of July, crops may be picked without any danger of their being damaged by frost up to the second and often the third week

of October. The summer-sown dwarf beans, in fact, are very welcome late in the autumn.

The conventional beetroot seems to be a rather large, coarse vegetable, which when boiled is cut up into dice to be served in salad, or is sliced and put into a dish of vinegar. The only satisfactory way to eat beetroot is to grow it quickly, and then pull the roots up when they are no larger than a tennis ball, serving them hot with a thick parsley sauce. The most delicious roots can be grown under cloches from sowings made at the end of March—choosing a variety like Empire Globe. The roots are then ready for use at the beginning of June. Further supplies can, of course, be obtained by making sowings once every three weeks until the middle of July. These late summer crops need not be covered with cloches till September, and the succulent young roots can then be pulled during October and November to be stored in sand or ashes for winter use.

To get the best results and the highest yields with cloches, it is advisable to fork plenty of finely divided organic matter into the top five or six inches of soil. Vegetable refuse, decomposed with sulphate of ammonia or Adco, has proved excellent for this purpose, as has old mushroom-bed manure, hop manure, fine wool shoddy, and rotted leaves. The normal dressing should consist of one piled barrow-load to ten square yards. Soot is useful in addition because it helps to warm the soil, and may be used at the rate of a half-pound to the square yard.

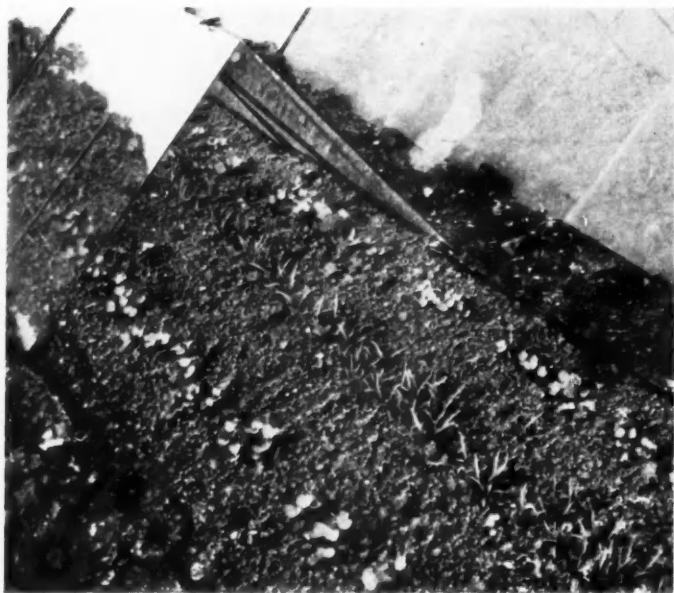
As cloches act as sun-traps, it is always advisable to arrange the vegetable rows in a sunny situation. It is also a good plan to close up the ends of the rows during the earlier months of the year with a sheet of glass or a square of wood, as this does ensure extra warmth and prevents draughts.

To attempt to describe in detail the many varied uses of continuous cloches is impossible here. They can be used for sowing crops much earlier in the season than is possible normally, to hasten the development of plants to ensure earlier cropping, to protect plants from damp and frost, and so make it possible to go on producing out of doors until well on in the autumn, and by ensuring perfect germination to save a large quantity of seed. With all these advantages and the additional merit that they can be easily removed and conveniently stored in small space when not required, they are well worthy of every gardener's attention, especially in these days, when it is the aim of every grower to obtain the greatest yield from his ground and produce good quality crops. P. F.



A FINE EARLY CROP OF PEAS GROWN ON TO FLOWERING STAGE UNDER LARGE "BARN" PATTERN CONTINUOUS CLOCHES

They will provide a supply in early May. Note the catch crop of Tom Thumb lettuce



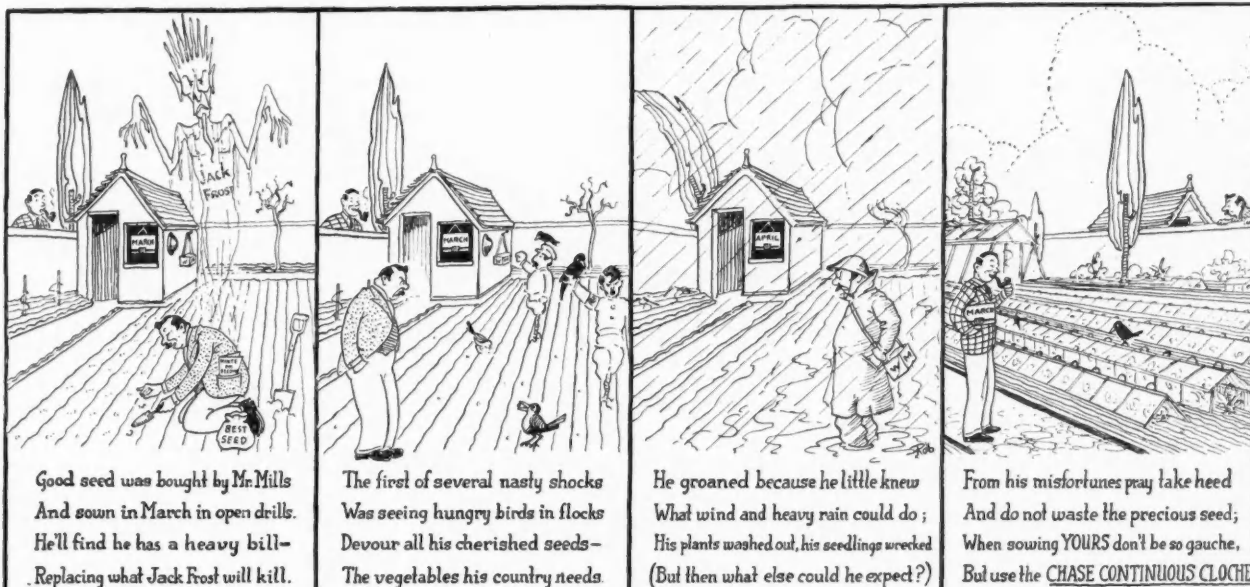
A FEBRUARY SOWING OF SPINACH WITH A CATCH CROP OF RADISHES

The radishes were cropped in mid-March



THE SAME ROW OF SPINACH A MONTH AFTER SOWING UNDER CLOCHES IN EARLY FEBRUARY

The spinach is well grown at the time of the lifting of the radishes



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HYGIENE IN THE ORCHARD: SPRING SPRAYING

IT is not unlikely that, owing to shortage of labour and the need for economy in maintenance, there will be a strong temptation on the part of many garden owners to forego the annual spring spraying operations this year, in the pious hope that the severe winter will have drastically reduced the numbers of pests to which our fruit crops are heir. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that to adopt such a course is false economy. It is a short-sighted policy to ignore the need for spraying fruit trees and bushes in the spring, even although they were treated with a winter wash of tar oil. It is perfectly true that a thorough winter spraying with a tar distillate wash greatly reduces the need for spring spraying. Potent as these winter sprays are, however, they do not cure all troubles, and to apply a wash of Burgundy, Bordeaux mixture or lime sulphur or one of the arsenical sprays to check the spread of fungus diseases and leaf-eating caterpillars is a wise precaution, especially in these days when it is the duty of every gardener to avoid losses in his crops of fruits and vegetables.

A definite spring spraying programme should be the rule in all gardens where fruit is grown. Peaches and nectarines, for instance, subject to the disfiguring leaf-curl disease, should be sprayed round about this time with Burgundy mixture, while black currants should receive an application of lime sulphur wash in another three or four weeks as a prevention and control of the gall mite which causes the well known "big-bud." Protection against the unsightly scab disease on apples and pears can be largely obtained by two or three sprayings, before and after blossoming, of Bordeaux mixture or lime sulphur, depending on the tolerance of the particular varieties to the respective sprays. An arsenical wash is generally required in spring to prevent injury to fruit trees and bushes by leaf-eating caterpillars. Other troubles that can be avoided or checked by prompt spraying action in the spring and later on in the season are aphides or green fly on many plants, including roses, black fly on broad beans, fly on carrots, onions and celery, and leaf blight on potatoes. Intelligent application of insecticides and fungicides both in liquid and dust form will go a long way towards counteracting all these various troubles. It must not be expected that every trouble, both insect and fungus, can be overcome by spraying. The whole aim of the gardener should be to reduce infestation to a

minimum, and that can only be achieved by applying a suitable wash with reliable apparatus at the right moment.

Of the washes that can now be employed there are two distinct kinds—the contact insecticides, like nicotine and soap, derris preparations and pyrethrum extracts which kill by touching and are used against all sucking pests such as aphides, thrips and capsid bug; and the stomach poisons, such as lead arsenate for use against caterpillars and leaf-eating insects. The success of the contact washes depends upon the method of application, which should be a driving spray which will thoroughly wet the pests. All parts of the tree and bark, such as the buds and tips of the shoots, as well as the undersides of the leaves, should be thoroughly wetted. The stomach poisons, on the other hand, should be applied in the form of a mist-like spray which leaves a thin film of wash deposited over every part of the buds, leaves and shoots. As these arsenical washes are poisonous, every precaution must be taken to prevent the spray from dripping on to vegetable crops or other plants growing under the fruit trees. Where bushes are already bearing ripening fruits it is a good plan to substitute the arsenical wash with a non-poisonous derris or pyrethrum wash.

It is always necessary to apply sprays to prevent or check fungus troubles. The best washes for this purpose are those consisting of lime sulphur, copper or sulphur in some form or other, and the season for their application is during April, May and early June, the best time for applying the first being at the "pink bud" stage of the apple blossom. To spray a little earlier than this, however, will do no harm. It should be followed by a further spray, slightly different in character, after the blossoms have fallen. Bordeaux mixture and lime sulphur are the two chief washes for controlling scab disease, and of the two lime sulphur is preferable for several reasons. It is easily made, and can be used with safety on most apples with the exception of Stirling Castle and Cox's Orange Pippin, which demand a specially weak solution if the foliage is not to be blackened. Lime sulphur, too, is useful as an insecticide, controlling red spider to some extent and destroying the first hatchlings of aphids. It also prevents bud attack by birds to a great extent, and can be mixed with lead arsenate and nicotine to provide a control against caterpillars as well as fungi. The strength usually recommended for spraying to check fungus diseases is

about one gallon of the concentrated solution to thirty gallons of water. Such a wash will materially check red spider on apples and gooseberries and will improve the health of raspberry canes that show a tendency to "die back." As mentioned previously, it is also the best spray for preventing big-bud and reversion of black currants.

There should be no need to remind gardeners of the importance of using efficient apparatus for the application of spraying fluids or dusts. Without a good sprayer much of the work may be useless, and the machine chosen should be of sufficient size and power to cope with the amount of work on hand. There are machines of all sizes available from the simplest type of hand syringe and bucket pumps with a detachable or fixed pump which will give a good pressure without undue exertion, to the pneumatic knapsack of two to three gallons capacity, and portable sprayers with a capacity of eleven or twelve gallons. The two last-mentioned models are excellent for use in a garden where there is a fair collection of fruit, and with one of them and the aid of suitable long lances and nozzles to get underneath the branches and leaves, spraying if carried through at the proper time should be most effective and ensure healthy trees.

G. C. T.

FOOD FOR VEGETABLES

THE adequate feeding of all vegetable crops this year to ensure bumper yields is a matter of prime importance to every gardener in these days when it is the duty of everyone to ensure maximum production from his ground. In this connection we would draw attention to a new manure by the name of Vegilizer, manufactured by Messrs. Bentley, Limited, of Barrow-on-Humber, Lincs, which, containing all the essential chemical elements—nitrogen, phosphorus and potash—in a balanced state in addition to a large percentage of humus-forming material, forms a valuable and easily applied organic food for all vegetables like potatoes, carrots, onions, peas, beans, cabbages and other brassica crops. It can be used before sowing or planting by mixing with the surface soil at the rate of 4 oz. to the square yard, or applied as a top dressing round the plants during the growing season at the rate of 3 oz. per square yard, and forms a valuable and convenient substitute for that now almost unobtainable commodity, stable and farmyard manure.

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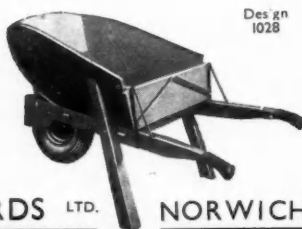
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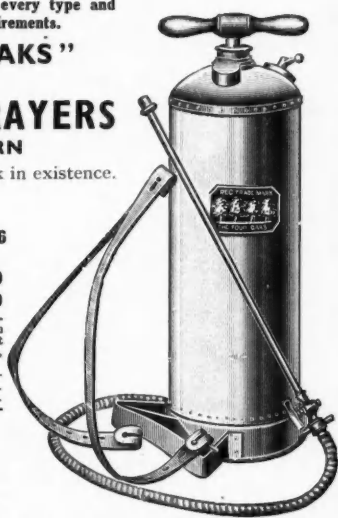
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No other Knapsack Sprayers of any make except Four Oaks secured an Award of Merit. A wonderful testimony of Four Oaks efficiency.

If Tinned Copper, for use with Lime Sulphur or Liquefied Sulphur, 10s. extra. (No. 102)

Owing to the National Emergency all prices are subject to conditions prevailing at the time orders are received.



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Telegrams—"Sprayers, Four Oaks." Telephone—305 Four Oaks.



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6d. 10d. 1/6 3/6 6/- 10/- 18/- 32/-

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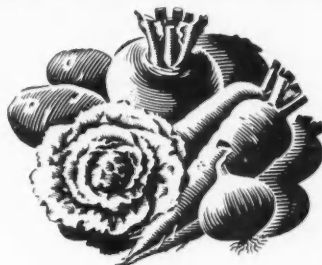
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This new I.T.P. Winter and Spring Wash alters your spraying programme. It differs from all other Winter Washes. Many insects hibernate or lay overwintering eggs away from the tree and so cannot be controlled by tar washes. Apply I.T.P. NOW and just before bud burst, so catching insects newly arrived from their winter hosts. I.T.P. Winter Wash is a powerful control of Red Spider. It also cleans the bark of trees from Moss, Lichen, Fungus, etc., and being a disinfectant as well as an insecticide, kills organisms which are not affected by tar washes. It lacks all the disadvantages of tar washes. It is economical. One gallon makes 40 gallons.

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Trial size carton 10d.
7 lb. bag - 2/6
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POPULAR SIZE

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LARGE SIZE

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DOES IT!**

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DERRIS	1/3	2/-	3/4
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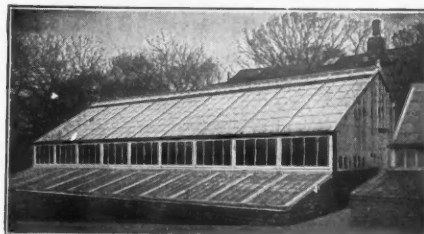
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GOING 1890 AND AFTER

By ISABEL CRAMPTON



(Above) THE 1941 VERSION OF THE SHORT JACKET OF THE 1890's

(Right) A SPRING OVERCOAT WITH "GUARDSMAN" PLEATS AT THE BACK IN COLOURFUL TWEED

(Below) "TROUSER" SLEEVES AND DARK FACINGS ON A LIGHT TWEED COAT



Dover Street Studios



the picture on this page of a very smart, close-fitting coat in Scotch herringbone tweed in a natural shade with collar and cuffs faced with brown and brown cloth buttons. The "trouser sleeves" of this are a little wider at the wrist than at the armhole and, with turned-back cuffs, are exactly what was being worn on tweed coats in 1902, as old fashion prints make clear.

Another idea of the period is the short jacket which is a garment in itself and not part of a coat and skirt. In those days they were generally made in a bright brown, thick material with very heavily gathered sleeves. The present-day version shown on this page is shorter, neater and narrower below the waist—in fact, much less exaggerated—and made in Angora, in Tasman blue, new fuchsia, gold, Bermuda red, pink, off-white, turquoise, navy, nigger and black. It can also be had in a loose box style which is most attractive in all pretty pastel shades. All the coats illustrated on this page come from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody (Wigmore Street, W.1). The third, with its very comfortable collar, I selected as excellent for travelling. It is made in colourful tweeds. The "Guardsman's" back with its big pleats is again an echo of forty years ago.

We have been hearing much of late of the importance of keeping up our exports in connection with the attack being made on the very smart markets of South America. I was interested to find that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are still selling overseas to friendly countries and our own Empire, English clothes to the value of more than six figures a year, and that though the Scandinavian countries, once their best customers, are closed to them. The people who frown on fashions in war-time might ponder this; fashions must be exploited here before they can be sold abroad to make such handsome contributions to national wealth.

AFTER being for some months a trifle dull—low be it spoken—a rustle and whisper of change are to be heard in the world of fashion, and this year's clothes will, quite definitely, be something more than new editions of last year's. It is a little difficult to be definite, but one thing can be said with certainty, and that is that we are going all late Victorian and early Edwardian, and most attractive those 1890 ideas can be. Even our colours hint at the period which our elders called with a certain odd Day of Judgment suggestion *la fin de siècle*. Navy blue, which has never been quite out of fashion in England, but has had to be produced in some very special way to make it truly *chic* of late, is suddenly so much to the fore that it can do no wrong. Black is still to be worn, but it has not the undisputed empire of certain types of clothes that it had a year ago, and pale pink is the ideal relief for it. The mauves and blues are mostly in the sharper shades of the 'nineties, and hats are worn well forward in the style of that period and have high wired bows on their well developed crowns, but not yet the strange collections of fruit and flowers that our grandmothers delighted in.

Among trimmings the black military braid stitched in many rows on flared skirts is quite a revival, and as for materials the small checks of those days have come in again and facings of a dark colour on a light tailor-made garment are absolutely of the moment, while the line likewise has a great deal to say to that of the final years of last century and the first of this. An example of that is shown in

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at the wonderful
results”

THIS is an extract from a letter from one of the thousands of enthusiastic users of **VIVATONE Radio-Active Hair Restorer**. No woman in these days can afford to look older than she need. The remarkable properties of **VIVATONE Radio-Active Hair Restorer** naturally restore the colour of the hair. And what is more important, **VIVATONE** is perfectly harmless, because it contains no dyes or stains whatsoever—promoting the growth of the hair and dispelling dandruff.

Recent testimonials include the following:—
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“*I am so grateful to VIVATONE.*”
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SOLUTION to No. 578

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 22, will be announced next week.

FALSESTEP MOLAR
A A A R I O O O
DOVERSOLE NEARS
E E L D R T T E
DERIDED CRASHAW
O O E Y E N S A
SOLOMON SEABOAT
T I R G M E
RIVULET COMPEER
I E E O I L A
NURSERY ELM TREE
G P C S A M A L
EPOCH HARROWING
N O E O E T N A
TALES PURCHASER

ACROSS.

- Round as round may be? The wrestler understands it best (four words, 5, 2, 5, 3)
- Whereto “the observ’d of all observers” consigned a lady (7)
- Doubtful (7)
- One is required to give only one to the speaker (4)
- A young horse about a hundred? Where’s the point? (4)
- Civic solo in Norway (4)
- Drops his stick pretty often (6)
- Virgil was born close by (6)
- “Grow — along with me! The 28 is yet to be.” —*Browning* (3)
- “U.S.A., sir?” (anagr.) (6)
- Hardly Napoleon’s patron saint (6)
- A boat for *Sirius* (4)
- The maid aforementioned said that the owl was his daughter (5)
- See 19 (4)
- The tennis player’s charitable motto (two words, 4, 3)
- Euphuistic term for Mr. Wardle’s boy (7)
- “Nonsense, it’s suet!” (anagr.) (15).

“COUNTRY LIFE” CROSSWORD No. 579

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by **COUNTRY LIFE**, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) “Crossword No. 579, **COUNTRY LIFE**, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2,” and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1941.**

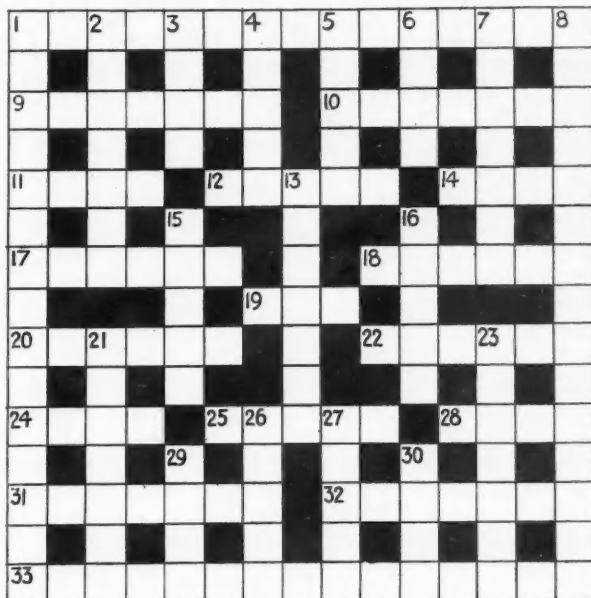
The winner of Crossword No. 577 is

A. G. Grimwade,
8, Kitson Road,
Barnes, S.W.13.

DOWN.

- If the gardener pulled them would it mean a border invasion? (two words, 10, 5)
- Not a pet to fondle, much less indulge (7)
- Shared by Italy and Achilles (4)
- Mere rumour, though you speak thus (two words, 3, 2)
- Just like a sailor never to be there metaphorically! (two words, 2, 3)
- Not one in the eye for the angler (4)
- Probably carried fire up many a hill at the time of the Armada (7)
- And it’s eight airs on the air once a week (two words, 8, 7)
- Browbeats the Fuehrer? (7)
- Danger (5)
- A little bird told me these two couldn’t see the wood for the leaves (5)
- Inverts? Not exactly, but it’s in need of some arrangement (7)
- Might be said to afford a dug-out for the pupil, perhaps (7)
- All to reverse (5)
- Muddled speech (5)
- Though dropped, it’s no challenge when green (4)
- Even taken to the wrong market. their kin will provide a saddle (4)

“COUNTRY LIFE” CROSSWORD No. 579

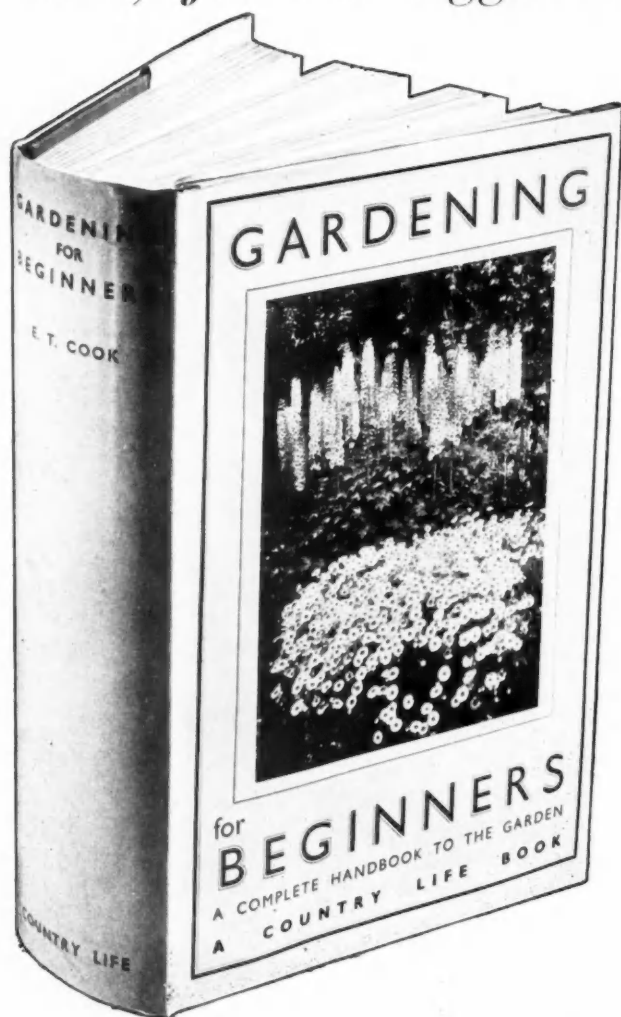


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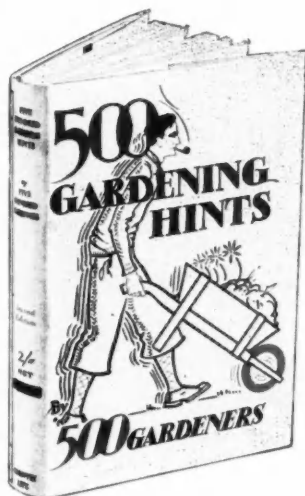
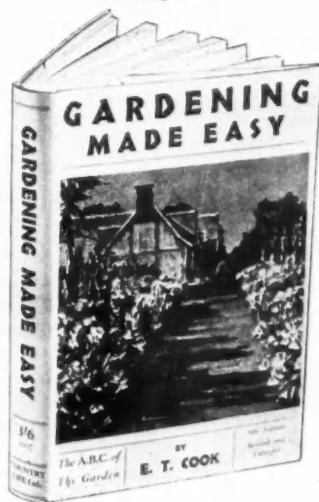
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Rosemullion Hotel.
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Raleigh Hotel.
Strete, Manor House Hotel.
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HARTLAND.
Quay Hotel.
HAYTOR, NEWTON ABBOT.
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Country Life

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2302.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for
Canadian Magazine Post.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1941.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price per annum, Post Free,
Inland, 65s.6d. Canadian, 50s. Foreign, 65s.

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